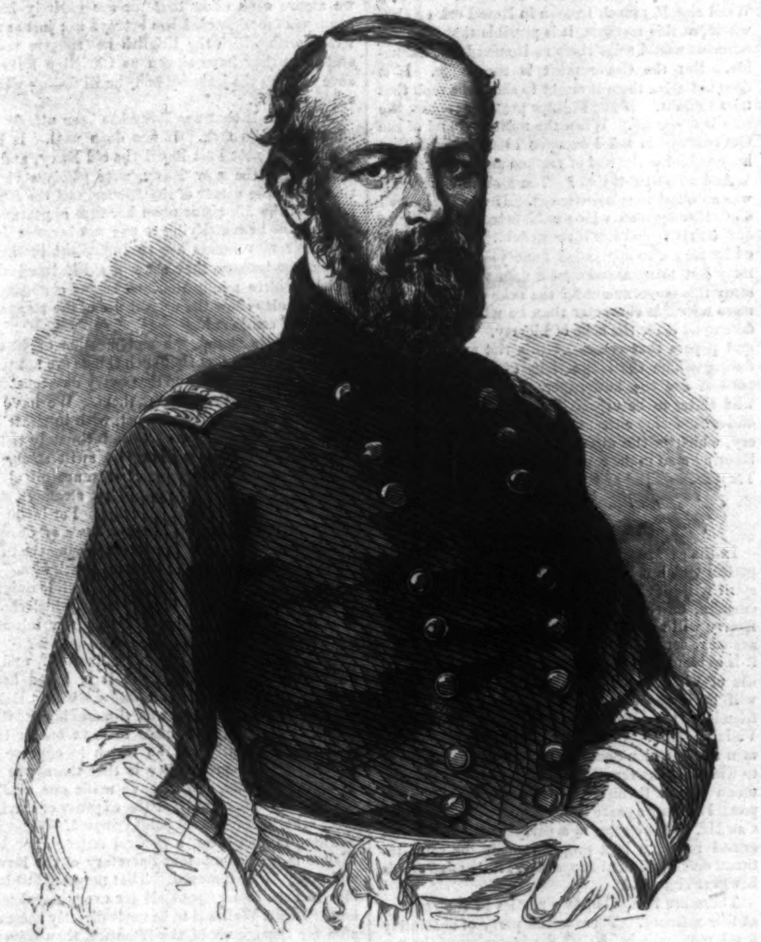
HARPER'S WEEKLY.

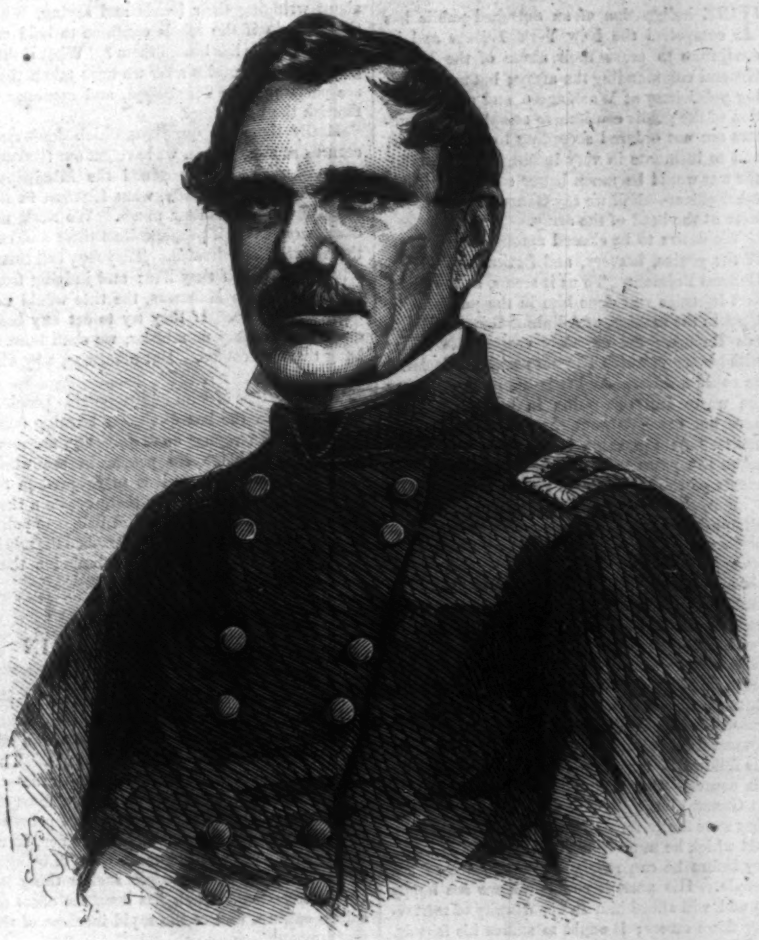
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. VI.—No. 276.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 12, 1862. [SINGLE COPIES SIX CENTS. $2.50 PER YEAR IN ADVANCE.

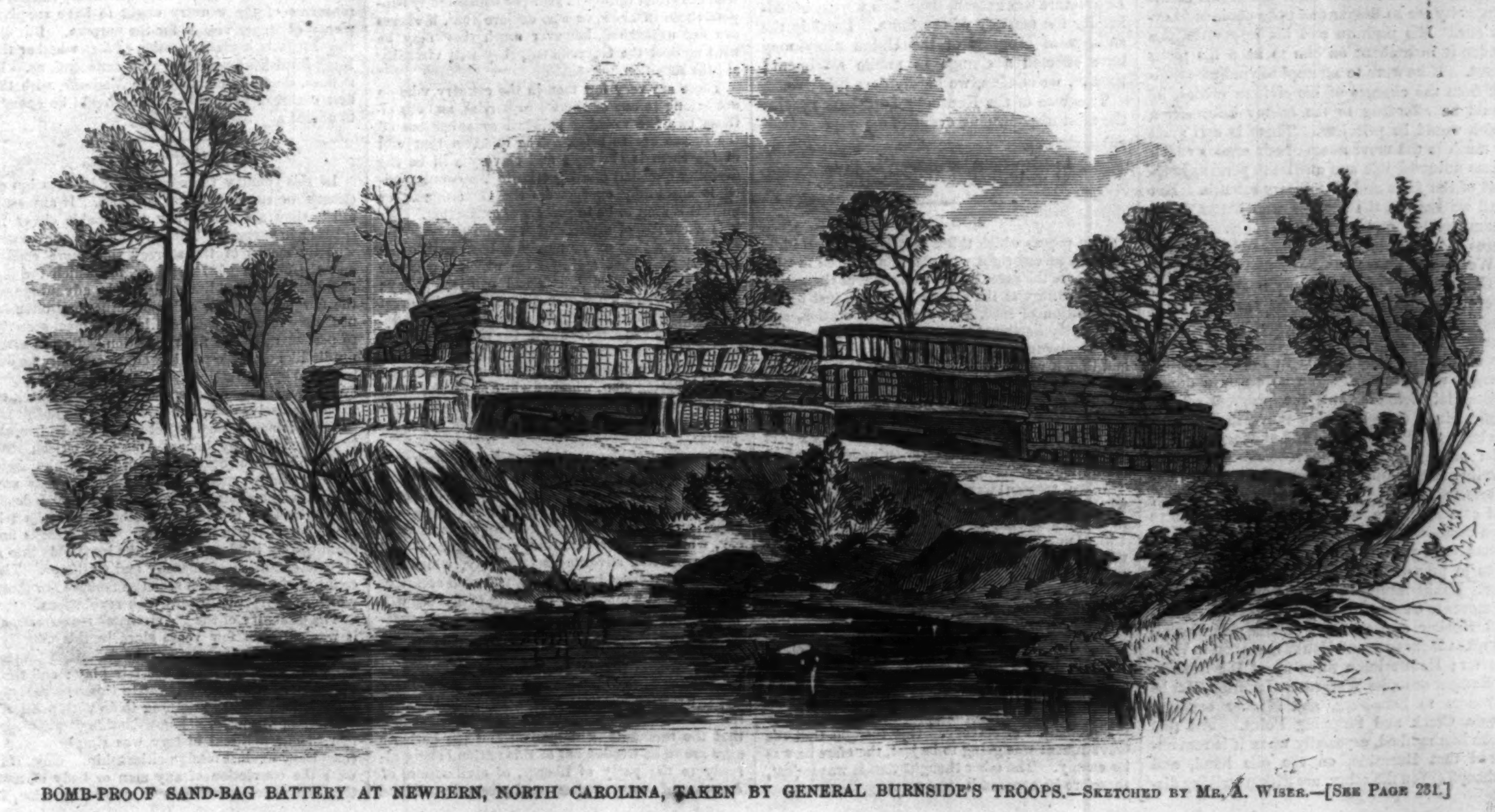
Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.



MAJOR-GENERAL BUELL.—Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 234.]



BRIGADIER-GENERAL SHIELDS.—Photographed by Brady.—[See Page 235.]



BOMB-PROOF SAND-BAG BATTERY AT NEWBERN, NORTH CAROLINA, TAKEN BY GENERAL BURNSIDE'S TROOPS.—Sketched by Mr. A. Wiser.—[See Page 231.]

ADVERTISEMENT.

☞ The Publishers of *Harper's Weekly* congratulate their readers upon the appearance in Number 272 of the first part of a new serial tale entitled "No Name," by Wilkie Collins, Esq., author of "The Woman in White." Its opening gives promise of the same wonderful power and matchless dramatic skill which entranced the readers of "The Woman in White." It is seldom that a periodical is enabled to furnish its subscribers with such a series of attractive tales as have appeared consecutively for the past two years in *Harper's Weekly*, from the pens of Dickens, Wilkie Collins, and Bulwer. The commencement of this Tale affords a good opportunity for parties residing in the country to form clubs, and obtain *Harper's Weekly* at the reduced price of subscription.

The circulation of *Harper's Weekly* being now over 125,000 copies each week, it is the best advertising medium in the country. Price, per line, inside 50 cents, outside 75 cents.

See terms for Clubs, etc., on page 239.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 12, 1862.

THE COMMAND OF THE ARMY.

THE indignation of an outraged public has compelled the New York *Tribune* and its coadjutors to cease their abuse of the Major-General commanding the army; but many leading politicians at Washington and a large section of the public continue to complain that matters are not ordered according to their notions, and to insinuate in very intelligible terms that the war would be much better conducted if another officer—shall we say General Frémont?—were at the head of the army.

We desire to be classed among the admirers of the genius, bravery, and fortitude of Major-General Frémont. To us it seems, as to others, that injustice was done him in the publication, if not in the making, of Adjutant-General Thomas's Report. He certainly crossed the Osage with his army, which Thomas positively declared he could not do. And it is likely enough that the waste and corruption in his Department were not more flagrant than in other Departments. At the same time, no one who has taken the pains to keep posted on the current events of the day and on the course of public opinion, can deny that Frémont's campaign in Missouri was not a success, and that his reputation as a military leader does not stand high among the people at large. The bare rumor of his appointment to the command of the army caused a decline of one per cent. on the stock exchange. It may have been his misfortune that the leading events of his "hundred days" in Missouri were the defeat at Springfield, the death of Lyon, and the surrender of Lexington. But his speech at St. Louis, in which he confessed that his removal had shaken his faith in democratic institutions, and the open threats of his followers—men in his confidence and under his control—that they would obey orders from no General but him, were not only misfortunes: they were faults, for which he must make amends, and which he must efface from the public memory before he can regain the confidence of the people. His present command, we are happy to add, will afford him an opportunity of retrieving these errors; it ought to suffice his friends.

With regard to the course pursued by Major-General M'Clellan, there is but one principle which can be safely adopted by good citizens, and that is, to trust him until the proofs of his incapacity are so flagrant as to be obvious to every one. His position and his responsibilities render it incumbent on him to keep his plans secret. If he were to attempt to vindicate himself from the charges of his civilian critics, he would be affording to the enemy information which would be priceless. There is and must be much in the movements of our armies which seems unintelligible and unwise to persons ignorant of the facts and of military science. But shall we imitate the savages who batter down steam-engines and tear their constructors to pieces because they don't understand them?

We do not pretend to have divined General M'Clellan's plan of operations; but we can see, as every one can, that since he assumed command of our armies we have met with but one reverse—Ball's Bluff—and General Stone, the commander on that day, is in Fort Lafayette, charged with treason. We have won a dozen substantial victories, and the progress of our armies since they began to move in February has been steady, incessant, and unchecked. The chief strong-holds of the rebels—Columbus, Bowling Green, and Manassas, places deliberately selected, fortified at great pains and expense, and constituting a strong strategic line—have been occupied by our forces without the loss of a man or a gun. In Virginia our movements seem to proceed on a deliberately prearranged plan. Banks occupies Charlestown, and M'Dowell moves to Centreville; Banks takes Leesburg, and Hooker crosses the Potomac; M'Dowell camps at Manassas, and Banks moves on to Winchester; Heintzelman turns up at Big Bethel; as Sumner occupies Warrenton Junction, Banks advances to Strasburg, and Hooker occupies Aquia Creek and Shipping Point. All this looks like method, especially when it is remembered that Burnside, on the one hand, and Schoepff (?) on the other, are within striking distance of the only two lines of railway by which the rebel army in Virginia can escape to the Gulf States. We claim no strategic knowledge or military science. But to a civilian eye this looks like system, and such successful combination as would be called "a forced game" at chess. Surely the mind which has evolved these results deserves to be trusted a little longer. So far as we can judge, no General of modern times ever displayed more sagacity, courage, and, to use his own words, "adaptation of means to ends," than Major-General M'Clellan.

One thing is certain. The man who has the greatest stake in this contest is Abraham Lincoln. He has the power of removing M'Clellan from his command at any moment, and he has the best means of knowing whether he is fit for the rank he fills. Can we not afford to rely upon him?

THE LAST DITCH.

The great defect of the Americans, writes a traveler from Timbuctoo, is weakness in the back-bone.

Here are a parcel of men and women going about wringing their hands and saying, What shall we do if the rebels continue to hold out after M'Clellan has beaten them? What if they go to their mountains after we have taken their sea-ports and the Mississippi, and continue to flourish the rebel flag?

Really these are questions which don't concern us at all. When we have got our forts and custom-houses, and reopened the Mississippi, and raised the blockade, what happens in the interior will not matter much. We shall not distress ourselves if people collect there and call themselves Confederates. They may call themselves cannibals if they like; and judging from the reports from Manassas, the title would not be inappropriate. If they try to eat any body or commit robbery or murder, we shall have to hang them, of course. But otherwise, why disturb them?

These notions of "an unconquerable people," of "dying in the last ditch," of burning one's house, and destroying one's property, are mere newspaper gabble. No people in the world voluntarily doom themselves to pauperdom for pride's sake. In every war there comes a time when men prefer their wife and babies to political theories. When we have thrashed the rebels well, they will be readier for submission than we to specify the terms.

THE NEGRO QUESTION IN KENTUCKY.

The Legislature of Kentucky, by a very large majority, has pronounced in favor of the disfranchisement of any citizen of that State who advocates the emancipation of the negroes. The majority was not large enough—two-thirds—to give to the expression of opinion the force of law. But in a moral and philosophical point of view it was enough. A generation since, Kentucky came within two or three votes of being a free State. Now, to propose such a thing involves ostracism. Such has been the effect of cotton culture, and of the rapid increase of the negro population.

We should like to have a fresh vote on this question taken in a Legislature newly elected by the people of Kentucky. When the present Legislature was chosen, the rebels were contending for the mastery of the State. Possibly the subsequent progress of the Union army may have effected a change in public sentiment; though, we confess, we hardly dare think so.

This vote of the Kentucky Legislature seems the most discouraging event of the day.

THE LOUNGER.

MOB LAW

The papers which think that Mr. Wendell Phillips was served right when he was mobbed in Cincinnati are the same papers that thought the speech of Mr. Yancey at the Cooper Institute, just before the election of 1860, a very eloquent oration, and profoundly worth public attention. In that speech Mr. Yancey told us that slavery was a grand thing, and that if we undertook to censure it by electing Mr. Lincoln slavery could not think of submitting to such an indignity, and must necessarily break up the Union. There was no report of rotten eggs or rioting upon the occasion. It was simply a part of the effort to carry the election under threat of revolution.

When treason was struggling to make good what Mr. Yancey had said, Mr. Phillips declared in Cincinnati that he was an abolitionist and a Union man (the telegraph said *disunionist*, but that is the very thing Mr. Phillips repudiated)—and he was mobbed for saying so. "Served him right!" cry the papers that had so tender a heart and quick an ear for Mr. Yancey.

Now let us have a fair understanding of this matter. Mr. Yancey was an open disunionist, so was Mr. Phillips. Mr. Yancey was for disunion because the dominance of slavery in the Government was threatened. Mr. Phillips, because he thought the Government hopelessly committed to the protection of slavery. One thought that the Government was going to be just, therefore he was its enemy. The other thought that it was unjust, therefore he opposed it.

Under the Constitution, and by the manhood of every man in the land, both were equally entitled to express their convictions, and to make as many converts as they could. Under the Constitution, in a time of peace, if a man thinks that a monarchy is better than a republic, that polygamy is better than Christian marriage, that twice two make seventy, and that a circle is evidently a square, he has the fullest right to say so to as many persons as wish to hear, and every soldier and every gun at the service of the nation is pledged for his protection in the exercise of that right. In time of war the Government, as a military measure of security, may arrest, of course at its own peril, a man who merely preaches treason. But whether in peace or war, the mob has no rights, and no sane man will excuse it.

It is easy to understand that a people whose brave defenders stand upon the battle-field will feel such impatience of those who defame them that they may break through the forms of law and threaten the defamer with a summary penalty, as was shown by the mob that menaced the *Herald* newspaper in New York last April. But no man of common sense for a moment defends such an outbreak. There may be a bitter justice in making a man taste the poison with which he has tried to destroy other men; but when justice is bitter it is to be suspected. If Mr. Yancey or Mr. Ben Wood should preach treason in New York or elsewhere, at this moment, it is possible that the Government would seize them as it seized Mr. Schnable. But the Government is the judge. If it does not seize them it ought to shoot the mob that tries to do it. If Mr. Phillips preaches treason the rule is the same. When the military hand of the Government is not laid upon him, the mob that hounds him is the tool of treason and traitors.

And who doubts that? The mob in Cincinnati was an effort to solace treason. It was engineered doubtless by men who would betray that city to Jeff Davis to-morrow if they could. It is applauded by men who applauded Yancey—by men so utterly lost to manhood that a man who would destroy this Government for the sake of Slavery is a more tolerable character than he who would have destroyed it for the sake of Liberty. And the men and papers that commend this riot and anarchy, during which the foundations of society are imperiled, are the newspapers and the politicians who claim to be especially *conservative* and *law-and-order-loving* citizens! To save and favor slavery, which is the direct personal enemy of every laboring man in the country, they applaud anarchy. They are as blind as they are vicious.

THE TWO PARTIES.

In the great struggle between Liberty and Despotism which is now waged in this country, party-spirit will inevitably play a prominent part. The enemies, or conditional friends, of constitutional liberty will sympathize as party men. When the armed resistance of disloyal citizens is suppressed, it is evident that such Union men as Senator Carlile of Virginia and Senator Davis of Kentucky will be inclined to strike hands with such open friends of the rebellion as Mr. Ben Wood and Mr. Vallandigham. Ought not this fact to make such men as the Union Senators hesitate? Can a party to which all the secret and silent adherents of disunion attach themselves, be a party which can possibly promise peace to the country in the future? Can Mr. Davis cleave to a party which holds that armed rebellion is a proper remedy for constitutional defeat, without supporting all that Jeff Davis has ever claimed?

There are really but two parties in the country at this moment. There is the party of absolutely loyal men, who hold that the integrity of the nation must be preserved at every cost, but who differ as to the time and way in which slavery should be touched; and there is the party of disloyal men who are either openly in arms, or who secretly support those in arms, or who declare that, if slaves are not untouched, however much they may be used against the Government, they will virtually aid the rebellion.

There are very few men in the country who do not belong to one of these two parties, and out of these two the working political organizations of the future are to arise. The question that will divide them is slavery; and slavery will be the dividing question of all parties in the country until it absolutely overpowers the Government, or until it is seen to be in process of extinction. For it is a contest of civilizations. The party of liberty asserts that every man was born with equal civic rights; that an injustice which repels the moral sense of mankind is bad political policy; and that as, in a popular government, the great mass of the citizens must be laborers, therefore labor must be respected. While the party of slavery contends, in the words of the Charleston *Mercury*, that "Slavery is the natural and normal condition of the laboring man, whether white or black;" that men have no natural rights, and that therefore for the strong to rob and oppress the weak is not injustice.

The party of slavery is intrenched in ignorance and prejudice, and the practical difficulty of dealing with a vicious system of society. The party of liberty is strengthened by common sense—by experience of the necessary consequences of slavery, which are war, taxation, and anarchy—and by the positive advantages of liberty, which are general prosperity, intelligence, and civil security. The practical weakness of the party of slavery will be the inhuman and revolting doctrines and practices which it must logically assert and defend: the weakness of the party of liberty will be the difference of opinion as to methods, and the bitterness which such difference always breeds.

Virtually, of course, we have all made the election between these parties. Those of us who think that the remnants of despotism and the barbaric ages are to be weeded out of this nation belong already to the party of liberty, of civilization, of America, of peace, progress, and prosperity. Those of us who believe that there is no necessary antagonism, in a nation of laborers, between a system which respects and one which degrades labor, who suppose that the laborers of the Free States are going to look on quietly and see the homes of their children in the West preoccupied by slaves, and who think it wise to maintain an overwhelming servile class restrained by laws of terrorism, and whom it must be necessarily criminal to teach or to treat as human, belong already to the party of despotism, ignorance, and anarchy.

THE "NASHVILLE."

Certainly, if Captain Pegram were on our side, we should give him dinners, and invite him to receive his fellow-citizens at the City Hall. The *Nashville* rivals the *Sumter*. She dances in and out under the very noses of our guns. They smell her and snort, but she skips away. She will arrive blithely in Liverpool or Southampton, and a week afterward, while she is comfortably lying there, the news we send of her burning or her capture will set all Europe laughing. It is a joke; we may as well own it, and laugh too. Certainly crying won't help it. Moreover, we need not say that it is no matter, for it is matter. Nor need we insist that we don't care whether Europe laughs or not, for we do care. The very ferocity with which we assure each other that we are entirely independent of foreign criticism betrays us; just as the wrath with which the English newspapers vociferate that they have shown us Christian forbearance betrays the jealousy and the ill feeling which animate them.

The truth is that our Navy has been utterly inadequate to its task. It has done well. It has done nobly. At Port Royal the old Navy, and at Fort Henry the new Navy, were glorious victories. But the career of the *Sumter*, and the *Nashville*, and the *Merrimac* upon her first appearance, can not but be mortifying to us; not because they and their movements are so important in themselves, but because they show a skillful audacity which inspires admiration and begets confidence; and they also show the utmost use of the means at the rebels' command.

On the other hand, the mortification ought not to blind us to the fact that such things are not very serious in themselves, and that every day constantly makes us readier to meet them. We have to guard a thousand miles of coast, with intricate inlets. These passages are known intimately to the enemy. They have one or two swift steamers, and they choose their point of entrance all along the line. Of course they avoid our steamers, and laugh at our old fogy sailing ships. For instance, on the 16th of March the steamer *State of Georgia* left the mouth of Beaufort harbor, leaving the bark *Gemsbok* and the "slow steamer" *Cambridge*. In the evening of the 17th the *Nashville* stole quietly out, showed her heels to the two ships, which showered her with shells, but in a very few minutes she was safely at sea.

Naturally one question presents itself, and it may be answered even before it is asked here. Since it was known that the *Nashville* was at Beaufort, and that Burnside was threatening it, why were not arrangements made to have one or two steamers constantly on the watch to capture or sink her? The probability is that there was no available steamer, and to have made one available may have been only at the expense of leaving some other and essential point exposed.

There is, doubtless, a general feeling that Mr. Welles is an incompetent Secretary of the Navy, and ought to be removed. That may be, but it is idle to hold him responsible for every naval mishap. If Mr. Welles is to be made directly accountable for the escape of the *Nashville*, then General M'Clellan must bear the blame of Ball's Bluff. The only question is, whether the Secretary did all that could be done, under the circumstances, to intercept the *Nashville*. Unquestionably the naval resources of the country ought to have supplied plenty of proper vessels for the purpose. But did they? It is a mere question of fact whether the Navy furnishes force enough for our occasions. If it does, then the escape of the *Nashville*, with the first outbreak of the *Merrimac*, should be enough to unseat any Secretary.

POLITICS IN THE DARK.

In this country there can never be occasion or excuse for secret political societies. If any such exist, they are necessarily treasonable either in spirit or in purpose. They are ruled by a few men, who by means of the secrecy rule more easily, and the objects of the society, for which the lay members work as blind tools, is the advantage of the few leaders. In a despotism it may often be necessary for the friends of liberty to meet secretly to perfect measures for revolution. But in a republic like ours the public welfare can only be determined by public discussion, while a secret society is a conclave of persons who practically seek to make themselves oligarchs.

There is no political object which can be honestly desired by any honest American citizen that can not be more securely attained by frank debate than by hidden means, which appeal to fear and prejudice and mystery. Such objects may, indeed, be attained by mysterious methods, but the triumph is resisted in like manner. The state is undermined by intrigues, and sinks inevitably into a chronic condition of anarchy and civil war. The countries in which such societies flourish are those which are perpetually torn with revolutions.

The difficulty of the "American" movement, as it was called a few years since in this country was this taint of secrecy. The American people upon the whole, wish to see fair play; and they had a very summary answer to this new party—"Dark-lanterns have nothing to do with politics." The "American" or "Know-Nothing" phenomenon in our political history was simply a secret conspiracy against foreign citizenship. Now, if it were the conviction of any man or body of men that the naturalization laws needed revision, it was a perfectly legitimate matter of political argument and action. But there was no need of going into a dark closet to talk about it. And the moment you invited people into the closet, they said, instinctively, "Either this is a mean object, or else you wish to excite me, by the mystery of the closet, so that I shall not fairly judge. If you've any thing to say, speak out. Don't mumble and wink and make signs."

The novelty and the adroit management gave the party an apparent success. But when it was found that Americanism, minus the revision of the naturalization laws, was only opposition to foreigners, selfishness, private disappointment, ambition, and humbug, it disappeared as suddenly as it arose. It had a success of curiosity, as the French say. A great many of the worthiest citizens, who laughed at the lantern, for various reasons voted with the party. The extinction of such a party was natural, both because it evaded the real question upon which the country was divided, and because its machinery was cumbrous and repulsive. It inevitably had an air of being ashamed of itself. And so must any secret political organization have.

The Knights of the Golden Circle was also a secret political society. Its intention was the ascendancy of the aristocratic principle in the Government, and its methods were peaceable so long as Privilege held the power. It cherished designs upon Mexico and Cuba, hoping to get by piracy and massacre the increased territory which it could not secure by lawful means. Then it prepared the revolution at home which it could not achieve abroad.

That this society was secret was presumptive proof that it was treasonable and the enemy of every honest man. The form under which it survives is an association in favor of aristocracy, and the advantage of a few. It is essentially un-American, and necessarily dangerous to the peace and prosperity of the land. Its means are lawless violence: its end the ruin of the country.

POOR DELAWARE!

THE loyal, honorable, self-respecting citizens of the stanch little State of Delaware must contemplate with profound humiliation the performances of their Senator, Saulsbury. The members for slavery in the old times were sagacious and skillful, as well as insolent and truculent, but Senator Saulsbury is only childish. It is a public shame, for the Senate is a national body. In the beginning of this session he introduced a proposition for an armistice between the rebels and the Government, which was lost in the laughter of the Senate and the derision of the nation. A few days since, when the bill for emancipation in the District was under consideration, Mr. Senator Saulsbury proposed an amendment that the liberated slaves should be divided among the Northern and Western States. There is something so silly in the suggestion that it is hard to believe that it was gravely offered in the Senate of the United States. But it was offered, and it came to a vote: and to complete the puerile and pitiful business every Senator voted against it, including Mr. Saulsbury!

We used to pity Texas when Wigfall performed. But he was at least an amusing clown. When the gravest question comes to debate, as it does now, how little Delaware must chafe when she sees who is speaking for her and putting her upon record!

A DILEMMA.

DEAR MR. LOUNGER,—I read my paper faithfully every morning to know what to believe and say, but this morning I am plunged in perplexity. I want to know whether to be alarmed by the prospect of the *Merrimac's* coming out, and I opened my paper, but it leaves me entirely in the lurch. Please tell me what to do. I send you the extracts from my newspaper. In one column I read:

> "The *Merrimac* is about to run out of Norfolk again; and though the Navy Department assures us with a solemn nod that every thing is in readiness for her, it must be said that the previous utterances of that Department have not been so strictly verified as to afford any great confidence in its present assurances."

In the parallel column I read:

> "Whatever mischief the monster is to do will be done in Hampton Roads, where, warned at last, the Navy Department has made proper arrangements to receive and handle her. There is not the most trifling ground for misapprehension."

If you will send me word whether to be frightened or not you will greatly oblige your friend and admirer, TILLY SLOWBOY.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

PERSONAL ITEMS.

IN pulling down an old wash-house in the garden of Mr. Smith, the workmen discovered the remains of a decayed waistcoat marked W. C. It is supposed to have belonged to William the Conqueror.

Mrs. Blobbins has arrived in town, and is residing at the Green Pig Hotel until she can suit herself with a housemaid.

We are authorized to contradict the rumor that Mr. Glugg has met with a serious accident. He merely fell over the door-mat and dislocated his spectacles.

A project is on foot for presenting a testimonial to M. Blondin, on the part of the visitors to the Crystal Palace, in proof of their admiration of his noble conduct in not tumbling off the rope and breaking his neck, as an inferior artist might have done.

By the recent census it appears that the majority of the inhabitants of Poppleby-in-the-Mire are idiots. There was reason for believing this, some years ago, when they petitioned Congress to prevent eclipses.

A wealthy inhabitant of Kensington has offered a prize of £5 for the worst poem upon the Great Exhibition of 1862. Betting is strongly in favor of the author of *Proverbial Philosophy*, but the author of the *Victories of Love* has many friends—on this occasion.

A new comedy, by the writer of *As Fresh as Paint*, has been read. Green Room report states that it is worse than his last piece, but this we believe to be impossible.

As Mr. Bumble, the respected landlord of the *Cucumber's Arms*, Wapping, was crossing the street near his own residence the other night, he was run up against by a fiend in human form and knocked into the gutter. The police are upon the traces of the miscreant; but that such a thing could happen is a comment upon the boasted civilization of the nineteenth century.

We deeply regret to hear that the incautious use of fire-arms has again resulted in a melancholy catastrophe. On Tuesday night last, Mr. Timothy O'Leary, of Ireland, but lately residing at No. 3½ Snitch Court, St. Giles's, hastily and in a fit of impecuniosity shot the moon, and the landlord is not likely to recover.

"Pray, Madam, what do you charge for recovering an umbrella?" said Michael O'Flaherty, from Tipperary, the other day, walking into an umbrella shop. "Let me see it," was the reply. "Ah, faith! and that's just what I want to do, for I've lost one, and I see you offer to re-cover them at a very small charge, so I was just thinking I would get you to recover mine." The shopkeeper was instantly immersed in a fit of the deepest speculation.

Men dying make their wills—but wives
  Escape a work so sad;
Why should they make what all their lives
  The gentle dames have had?

A debtor severely questioned as to the reason of his not paying a just debt replied, "Solomon was a very wise man, and Samson a very strong one, but neither of 'em could pay their debts without money."

A long-ago discarded lover consoles himself with the reflection that his loved one is married to a lawyer, has ten children, and the measles.

At the commencement of the sporting season the following important information was exhibited at Lord Camden's seat, near Sevenoaks: "This is to give notice that Lord Camden does not mean to shoot himself or any of his tenants till the 14th of September."

"How far is it from here to Ryde?" demanded a gentleman of a poor tired pedestrian. "I don't know how far it is to *ride*," answered the poor man, "but it is a precious long way to *walk!*"

Don't join in the rush to hold office, for generally holding office is not worth a rush.

When the purse is empty, and the kitchen cold, then is the voice of flattery no longer heard.

If sleep flies from you, don't go in hot pursuit of it; lie still, and it will probably come and kiss you.

Wanted, by an attorney, a clerk to engross other people's attention.

Barry Cornwall says, "Come, let me dive into thine eyes." If his love had "swimming eyes," very good; but, at all events, our advice to the young woman is, for divers reasons, don't let him do it. He might go over a "cataract."

We have artificial teeth, artificial hair, eyes, calves, hips, noses, and artificial morality. We believe that some young ladies must wear artificial heads, as we read of a young lady whose "head was turned" by a young man.

A waggish speculator, one of a numerous family in the world, recently said, "Five years ago I was not worth a penny in the world; now see where I am, through my own exertions!" "Well, where are you?" "Why, a thousand pounds in debt!"

The Irish beggar who, on being refused alms, swung his crutch on the toes of the gouty gentleman whom his prayers moved not to charity, exhibited true humor when he said to the enraged owner of the suffering foot, "Bless your Honor! if your heart was as tender as your toes, you'd have given me the ten-penny!"

Why is a fool like a needle?—He has an eye, but he has got no head; and you can't see his point.

THE FALSEST OF FALSE UTTERERS—One who coins lies.

When is a house not a house?—When it is *a-fire*.

If a "still tongue proves a wise head," then the wisest of mortals must be dumb persons.

Husbands are probably the most ill-used of all classes of persons in the world—except wives.

STYLE!—What every coxcomb fancies he has attached to his gait.

When may a chair be said to dislike you?—When it can't bear you.

The geological character of the rock on which drunkards split is said to be *quartz*.

"Polly, dear," said a loving husband to his spouse, who was several years his junior, "what do you say to settling at the Cape?" "Oh, I'm delighted with the idea! You recollect when Morgan went out there he was as poor as we are, and he died in three years worth two thousand pounds!"

Any one who has lain all night upon a shelf, with an irresistible conviction that the house was dancing a polka, to the imminent danger of pitching him off, can form an idea of a first "night's rest" in the berth of an ocean steamer.

A man having been told that the price of bread had been lowered, said, "This is the first time I ever rejoiced at the fall of my best friend."

An enraged parent had jerked his provoking son across his knee, and with great vehemence was operating on the urchin's person, when the young one dug into the parental legs with his venomous little teeth. "Hollo! what're ye bitin' me for?" exclaimed the father. "Well, dad, who beginned this 'ere war?" retorted the urchin.

He is but a poor general, who, like a drum, is made only to be beaten.

Why is a wise man like a pin?—Because he has got a head and comes to the point.

When do broken bones begin to make themselves useful? —When they begin to *knit*.

The English boast of a man so benevolent that he used to hold an umbrella over a duck in a shower.

Young ladies are like arrows—they are all in a quiver till the beaux come, and can't go off without them.

"Yes, ma'am, that's a crack article," said a shopkeeper to a lady purchaser. "Oh, mercy," cried she, "if the thing is cracked I don't want it."

The young lady who gives herself away loses her self-possession.

They debate strange questions down East. The last was, "What is the difference between the Bridge of Sighs and the size of a bridge?" The next is to be, "The difference between a fac-simile and a sick family."

If a lady yawns half a dozen times in succession, young man, you may get your hat.

A little boy, a few days since, while coming down stairs was cautioned by his mother not to lose his balance. His question which followed was a puzzler: "Mother, if I should lose my balance, where would it go to?"

The man who carries all before him—the wheel-barrow-man.

TIMING EACH OTHER.—They have a story about a drunken captain who met a private of his regiment in the same condition. The captain ordered him to halt, and endeavoring in vain to assume a firm position on his feet, and talk with dignified severity, exclaimed, "Private Smith, I'll give yout'l four o'clock to gissober in!" "Cap'n," replied the soldier, "as you're (*hic*) a sight drunkerniam, I'll give yout'l fiver'clock to gissober in!"

"That was very greedy of you, Tommy, to eat your little sister's share of cake!" "You told me, ma, I was always to take her part," said Tommy.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

☞ FOR an account of the Battle of Winchester, see page 235.

CONGRESS.

On Tuesday, March 25, in the Senate, the bill in relation to administering the oath of allegiance to American citizens in foreign countries was reported back by the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The debate on the bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia was then resumed, and Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, made a speech in favor of the proposition. Senators Saulsbury, Powell, Kennedy, and Harlan participated in the debate. Senator Saulsbury introduced an amendment that the negroes, when freed, shall be divided among the Free States.——In the House, the Senate bill providing for the settlement of the accounts of the crews of the ships-of-war *Cumberland* and *Congress* was passed. The Pacific Railroad bill was made the special order for Tuesday next. In Committee of the Whole the consideration of the Tax bill was resumed.

On Wednesday, March 26, in the Senate, at the suggestion of ex-President Pierce, Senator Latham offered a resolution, which was adopted, calling upon the Secretary of State for correspondence between Mr. Seward and President Pierce having reference to the conspiracy organized against the Government by the Knights of the Golden Circle. Senator Chandler said that to his certain knowledge the Knights had succeeded in getting a large number of the worst traitors into the Union army. A resolution of thanks to General Burnside and Commodore Rowan was referred. Debate on the resolution relative to the emancipation of slaves, and the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia, occupied the remainder of the session.——In the House, the Tax bill was under consideration in Committee of the Whole.

On Thursday, March 27, in the Senate, the Naval Committee were instructed to inquire whether there was any laxity on the part of the officers of the blockading squadron on the coast, especially at Charleston, and whether there was any foundation in the statement of the British Consul at that port, that armed troop ships of the Confederate States have been allowed to go in and out of the port of Charleston, and no attempts been made to stop them. The joint resolution in favor of extending pecuniary aid to the States that may emancipate their slaves was taken up, and Senator Henderson, of Missouri, made a speech in its favor. The Naval Appropriation bill was then taken up. Senator Hale, from the Naval Committee, offered an amendment appropriating $783,294 for the completion of the Stevens floating battery. Debate ensued, but without taking the question the Senate went into executive session, and subsequently adjourned.——The House was occupied in discussing the Tax bill in Committee of the Whole. Among the amendments adopted was one taxing anthracite coal fifteen cents per ton, and cotton one cent per pound after the first of May next.

On Friday, March 28, in the Senate, Senator Wright, of Indiana, introduced a bill providing for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. A motion to take up the resolution declaring that no more brigadier-generals shall be appointed, unless for gallantry in action, was disagreed to. The Naval Appropriation bill was then taken up, the question being on an amendment appropriating $783,294 for the completion of the Stevens floating battery, which was adopted, with the condition that Mr. Stevens shall not be repaid the money he has expended on the battery unless she prove successful, and also that the appropriation is not to be used unless the Secretary of the Navy is of the opinion that it will secure to the public service an efficient steam-battery. An amendment appropriating $13,000,000 for the construction of iron-clad vessels of war was adopted; also an amendment appropriating $250,000 for casting heavy ordnance at the Washington Navy-yard. The bill was then passed, and the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the Naval Committee reported a joint resolution of thanks to Captain John Ericsson, for the enterprise, skill, energy, and tact displayed by him in constructing the iron-clad steamer *Monitor*, and the great service rendered by her to the country recently in Hampton Roads. The resolution was adopted. The consideration of the Tax bill was then resumed in Committee of the Whole. Both Houses adjourned till Monday.

On Monday, March 31, in the Senate, a joint resolution appointing Theodore Woolsey, of Connecticut, Regent of the Smithsonian Institution, in place of C. C. Felton, deceased, was adopted. A resolution calling on the Secretary of War to furnish the report of Brigadier-General Mansfield relative to the engagement between the floating batteries *Merrimac* and *Monitor* was also adopted. A bill providing a Territorial Government for Arizona was introduced. Senator Fessenden presented joint resolutions from the Maine Legislature in favor of extending pecuniary aid to the States for the emancipation of their slaves; also cordially approving of the President's Message, and declaring that Maine will cheerfully furnish her quota of the amount; also asking Senators to vote for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. The bill for the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia was then taken up, and Senator Sumner, of Massachusetts, made a long speech in its favor.——In the House, the Senate bill remitting duties on arms imported by States or contractors was passed. A resolution from the Committee on Elections, declaring S. F. Beach not elected to the House from the Seventh Congressional District of Virginia, was adopted. The remainder of the session was spent in Committee of the Whole on the Tax bill.

GENERAL SUMNER'S ADVANCE.

A portion of General Sumner's division drove a large body of rebels from the Warrenton Junction on 28th. A reconnoissance made beyond the railroad junction at this point was pushed as far as the Rappahannock River, the enemy's cavalry retreating before them, and burning the bridge over the river in their flight. Our troops shelled them at the bridge, but did not prevent them from destroying it. Much more damage could have been done to the enemy while conveying their sick and wounded across the river, but humanity forbade it.

GENERAL HEINTZELMAN'S ADVANCE.

A reconnoissance was made on 27th from Newport News as far as Big Bethel, where the rebels were discovered to be posted to the number of 1500. Upon the approach of our troops they vacated the place without showing fight, and Big Bethel is now occupied by the Union soldiers.

EXPECTED BATTLE NEAR CORINTH, MISSISSIPPI.

According to intelligence received from Memphis, a large force of the rebels are concentrated at Corinth, Mississippi, where Generals Beauregard, Clark, Polk, and Cheatham, are all located. They are said to have 70,000 men there.

General Buell, who has command of his army in person, had arrived at latest accounts (29th March) within fifteen miles of Corinth, Mississippi.

The Union troops have possession of Florence and Tuscumbia, Alabama, and Iuka, Mississippi. The two latter places are on the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, Tuscumbia being about midway between Chattanooga and Memphis.

General Grant, with a force not far from 40,000 men, is understood to be at Savannah, Tennessee, so that we must have near 100,000 men threatening Corinth.

THE CAMPAIGN IN ARKANSAS.

Van Dorn and Price, according to the telegraph, have gathered their shattered forces, and retreated entirely across the Boston Mountains. They are now at Van Buren and Fort Smith, 35,000 strong, receiving supplies from Memphis and Little Rock, *via* the Arkansas River. It is probable that Van Dorn will act in conjunction with Beauregard at Corinth to hold the line of the Cotton States. Reinforcements were slowly joining the rebels. The Union army of General Curtis had fallen back to Keitsville to secure forage, and were camped at the head of Cross Hollow, where it is plenty.

BEAUFORT IN OUR HANDS.

Beaufort has been taken by General Burnside, and no property whatever has been burned. Fort Macon has neither been blown up nor abandoned, but is still held by the rebels, from 300 to 500 strong; the place is invested, however, and the garrison must soon surrender.

THE FIGHT AT ISLAND NO. 10.

The firing at Island No. 10 was continued on 28th with great spirit by the rebels. It was evident that the guns were of very heavy calibre. They were observed to be cutting away the trees and mounting fresh guns, showing every indication of a protracted defense. Several rebel gun-boats, partially clad with railroad iron, were reported to be advancing down the river, but there was no expectation that they could pass the powerful batteries of General Pope.

JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA, RESTORED TO THE UNION.

The citizens of Jacksonville, Florida, have passed a series of resolutions, strongly repudiating the rebellion, protesting against the despotism which has crushed them down, destroyed their property, and deprived them of their rights and liberties. They hail the occupation of the Union army as a deliverance, proclaim their allegiance to the Government of the United States, and call for a reconstruction of the State Government of Florida, under the Constitution. After the capture of Fernandina by our troops, a body of the rebels went from there to Jacksonville and wantonly destroyed a number of saw-mills, warehouses, the railroad dépôt, a fine hotel, and several other buildings, the property in all valued at half a million of dollars.

FATAL AFFAIR AT MOSQUITO INLET, FLORIDA.

A dispatch to the Navy Department from Commodore Dupont reports the result of an expedition from his fleet into Mosquito Inlet, Florida, by the *Penguin*, Lieutenant F. A. Budd, and the *Henry Andrew*, S. W. Mather commanding, in which both these officers were killed, together with six seamen, and seven others were wounded. The object of the expedition was to capture any vessels lying there, which were supposed to contain arms transhipped from British vessels from Nassau, and to protect from incendiarism large quantities of live-oak timber, cut and ready for shipment.

After making a survey of the inlet in their boats, the two commanders, on their return, landed in the vicinity of some abandoned earth-works near a dense grove, from which a heavy fire was unexpectedly opened upon their men, killing Lieutenant Budd and Acting Master Mathers, and the number of men above stated. The rebels who made this attack were a portion of the garrison who abandoned St. Augustine on the approach of our troops. On the following morning (the 23d ult.), upon the arrival of Commander Rodgers, the place was found to be evacuated, but the bodies of the two officers were delivered up under a flag of truce by a rebel officer, Captain Bird, who came from a camp at some distance.

NASHVILLE BEING PUT STRAIGHT AGAIN.

A telegram from Chicago, dated March 25, says:

Governor Johnson has put newspapers under military rule, and suppressed one or two. He has issued a proclamation of a conciliatory character. He says that he desires to win the people back to the Union, but shall deal rigorously with treason. Mr. Etheridge has made a speech, in which he said that slavery would be abolished, if we could not conquer them any other way. The new government was to go into operation this week. Warning has been given that any one uttering treason will be arrested. The Union feeling is gaining ground. Business is pretty much resumed. All the stores are again opened, and prices have been much reduced.

THE "MERRIMAC" READY FOR ANOTHER FIGHT.

Information has reached Fortress Monroe by fugitive negroes, and some deserters from the rebel army, to the effect that the *Merrimac* has been brought off the dry dock at Norfolk, her crew put on board, and guns of heavier calibre than she had before have been mounted on her. The rebel steamers *Jamestown* and *Yorktown* are also said to be considerably increased in the strength of their armament, and are ready to accompany the *Merrimac* in her next attack on the *Monitor*. The former is said to have a fifteen-inch rifled gun on board, carrying 300 pound conical shot with steel points. Deserters state that she suffered terribly in the engagement with the *Monitor*, and returned to Norfolk in a sinking condition. It is stated as a fact, that the second time she bored her iron prow in the *Cumberland* she could not extricate herself, and that, fortunately for her, the prow broke off, or she would have gone down with the *Cumberland*.

THE NEW REBEL CABINET.

A dispatch dated Richmond, March 23, says:

The new Cabinet of President Davis has been formed. The Senate confirmed his appointments this morning, as follows:

Secretary of State—J. P. Benjamin, of Louisiana.
Secretary of War—George W. Randolph, of Virginia.
Secretary of the Navy—S. R. Mallory, of Florida.
Secretary of the Treasury—C. G. Memminger, of South Carolina.
Attorney-General—Thomas H. Watts.
Postmaster-General—Mr. Reagan, of Texas.

IRON-CLAD VESSELS.

The Secretary of the Navy has sent a communication to the Senate Naval Committee, in which Mr. Welles goes at some length into the question of iron-clad ships, and urges on Congress the necessity of giving close and careful attention to this department of warfare. He asks for $500,000 to extend the grounds and build furnaces in the Washington Navy-yard. He also wants $30,000,000 for the construction of iron-clad vessels, heavy ordnance, plating, etc.

PERSONAL.

The Spanish Government has refused to receive the rebel Commissioner, Mr. Rost.

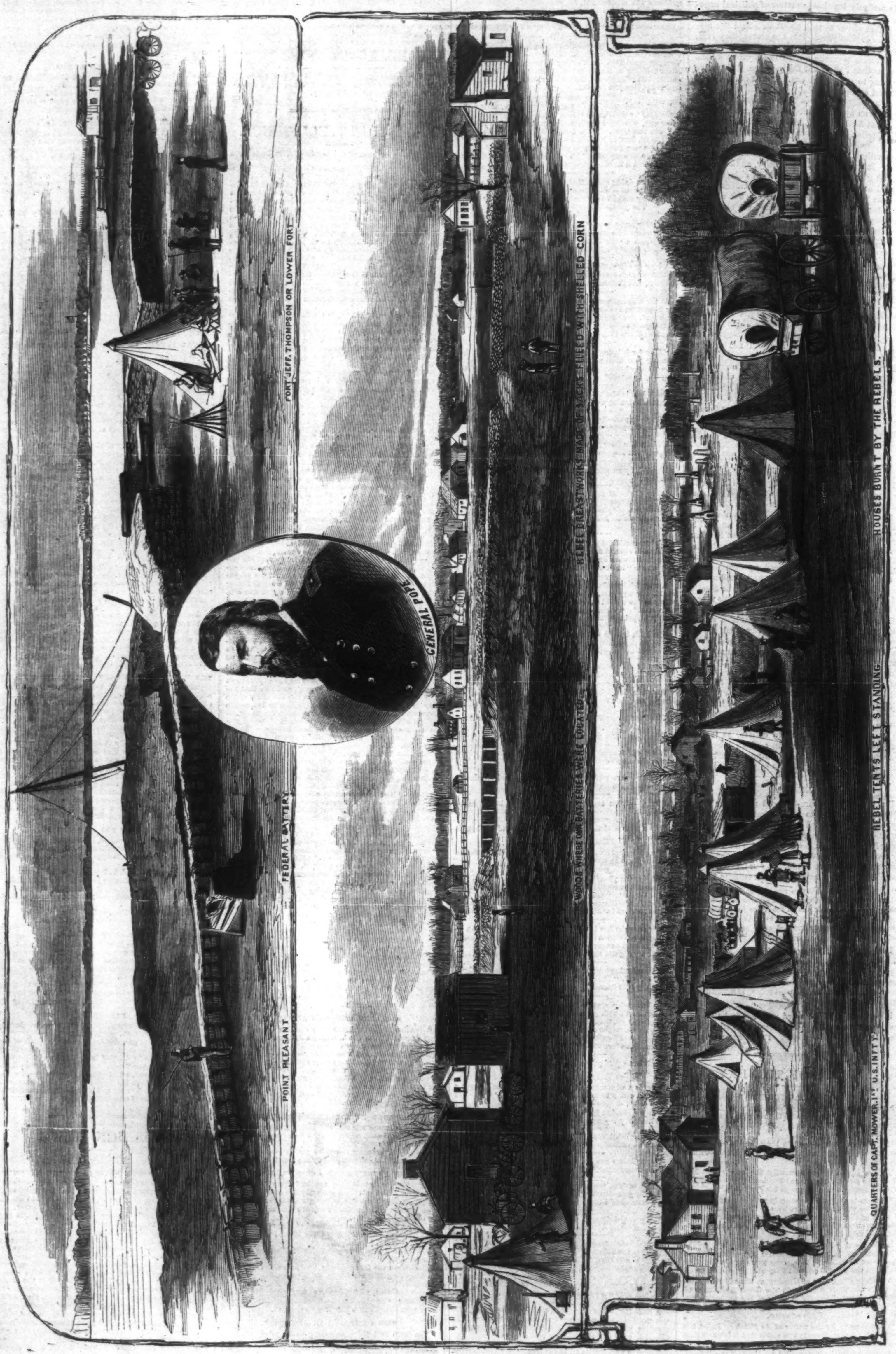
There appears to be some doubt as to the death of Captain Buchanan, the commander of the rebel battery *Merrimac*, who was reported killed in the action with the *Cumberland* at Hampton Roads. The *Star*, a paper published at Easton, Maryland, within five miles of Captain Buchanan's home, says that his family has received intelligence from Norfolk that he only met with a slight wound in the thigh, and that he is recovering.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

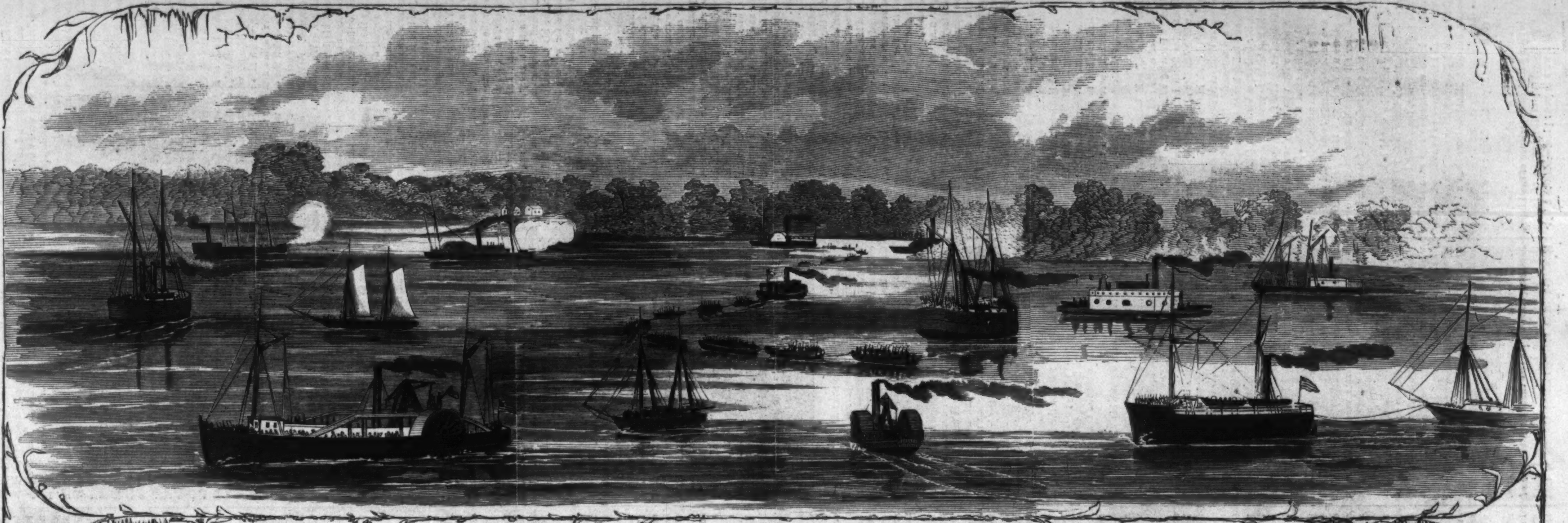
A DEBATE ON THE PIRATES OF THE "SUMTER."

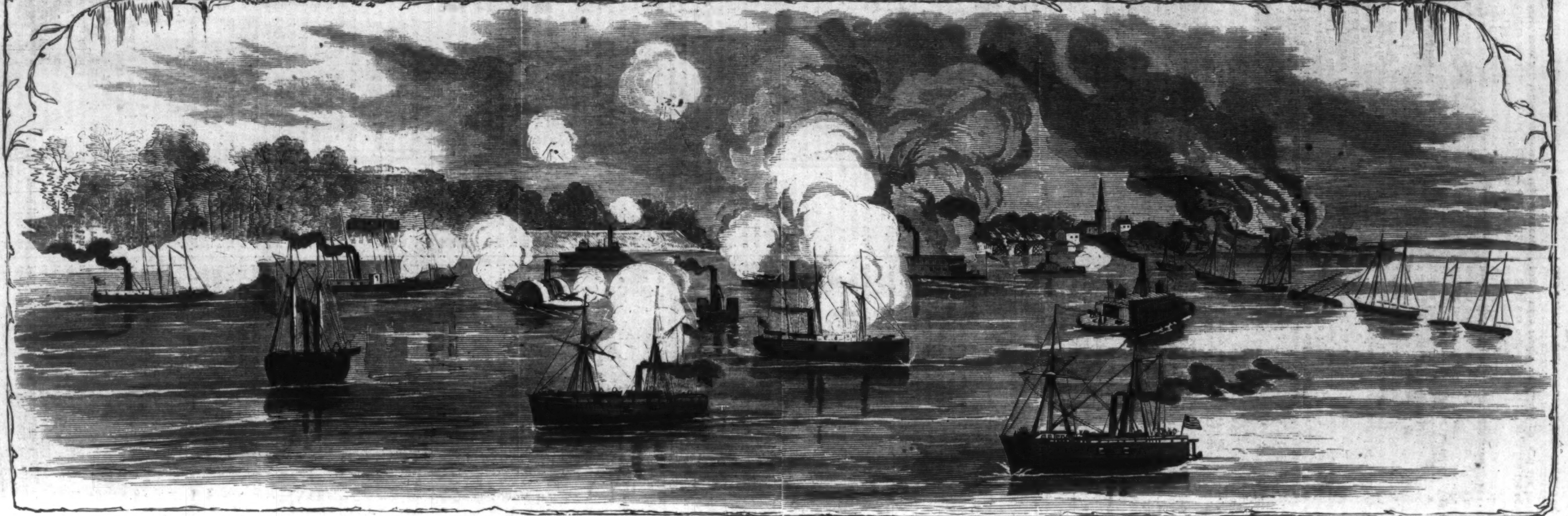
A DISCUSSION took place in the British Parliament on the 17th inst. relative to the arrest of the Lieutenant of the rebel steamer *Sumter*, and an ex-United States Consul, at Cadiz, by the United States Consul at Tangier. Mr. Layard, the Under Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in reply to a question from Mr. Griffith, stated that these parties had not been released, as he was before led to believe, and had stated to the House, but that they were placed on board the United sloop-of-war *Ino*, by the American Consul, contrary to the wishes of the Moorish Government and the British Consul at Tangier, and were now on their way to America as political prisoners. The British Consul, Mr. Hay, had refused to interfere directly in the matter, and his course was approved by the Government. Mr. Layard, in concluding his explanation, said, that, for the sake of justice, of humanity, of the right of affording asylum to persons accused of political offenses—a claim preferred by the weakest and recognized by the strongest Powers—he might be permitted to express an earnest hope that when the circumstances came to the knowledge of the President of the United States he would order the release of the prisoners.


FORT JEFF. THOMPSON OR LOWER FORT
FEDERAL BATTERY
POINT PLEASANT
GENERAL POPE
REBEL BREASTWORKS MADE OF SACKS FILLED WITH SHELLED CORN
WOODS WHERE OUR BATTERIES WERE LOCATED
HOUSES BURNT BY THE REBELS
REBEL TENTS LEFT STANDING
QUARTERS OF CAPT. MOWER, 1ST U.S. INF'TY

VIEWS AT NEW MADRID AND POINT PLEASANT.—From Sketches by Mr. A. Simplot.—[See Page 235.]

THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION—TROOPS LANDING BELOW THE REBEL FORTS NEAR NEWBERN, NORTH CAROLINA.—Sketched by Mr. A. Wiser.—[See Page 231.]





THE BURNSIDE EXPEDITION—BOMBARDMENT OF NEWBERN, NORTH CAROLINA.—Sketched from the "Vidette" by Mr. A. Wiser.—[See Page 231.]

TERRA MOTO.

I had been traveling on horseback across the plains of Columbia, accompanied only by a copper-skinned Creole fellow, who went with me half over the continent, who boiled my camp-kettle, saddled my horse and his own mule, waited on me in every and any fashion, and would, I believe, have stabbed me if I had called him a servant. *He* called himself a guide, and was really a good fellow for one of those peppery half-breeds. The sun was going down with a dip and a plunge, and the snow-tipped crests of the Andes were all blushing with rose-colored light, when we caught the first glimpse of Wilson's hacienda. It was a pretty house of white stone, with portico and verandas, and a flat morisco roof, and in front of it a green lawn, with fountain and flower-garden. Close by were the numerous huts where the farm laborers and herdsmen lived: these were built of light wood and thatched with cane. All the huts, as well as the stables, barns, and outbuildings, were surrounded by a strong stockade, which also ran round the master's house for fear of Indian attacks. Beyond was the huge corral, in which the cattle were penned, and where the horses were driven for security from wild beasts and savages. Wilson, the owner, was a great cattle farmer. We had been passing for a long time through his herds of oxen, luxuriously browsing on the ocean of grass which the broad plains presented to the eastward. To the west, as I said before, lay the Andes, towering up into the very sky, and at a great distance I could see the gilt weathercock of the church of San Juan de los Llanos, a little town ten miles off. There was no other town near, and to the eastward the plains rolled away, unbroken, toward the remote Atlantic. I had heard from some muleteers that I should find an English settler hereabouts, and I was not sorry to have an opportunity of conversing again with a fellow-countryman. So I rode up to the house, through the open gate of the stockade, and presented myself as a guest, after the free and easy fashion of the wilderness. I need hardly say that there are no inns in the country, except in sea-ports, but I never found the poorest herdsman unwilling to set before me his parched corn and jerked beef, and to set aside for my use the snuggest corner of his grass-thatched hovel. But whereas I had reckoned on nothing better at Wilson's hacienda than the rough and ready hospitality of a bachelor, I met with an agreeable surprise. Two English ladies, both young and pretty, came out into the porch to greet the stranger. They were the emigrant's wife and sister, and with them came two playful children, the loveliest little fairies I ever saw. As for the owner of the house himself, I never saw a finer or more manly young man, nor one that I was prouder to hail as a countryman. I was received with the most genuine kindliness. If I had been a dear old friend or a blood relation the Wilsons could not have given me a heartier welcome. And I, who had ridden up to the hacienda meaning to ask and accept shelter for a single night, remained for two months the guest of that kindly household, who would not part with their visitor lightly. The time did not hang heavy on our hands. We were up at dawn, the most enjoyable time in that latitude, and had a thousand things to do until the blazing sun drove us in. Wilson was a wonderful horseman, and as for the lasso, he had learned to throw it so skillfully that he actually surpassed his instructors, the Spanish vaqueros and peons, bred as they were to the art. Indeed, the oldest veterans of the Llanos, brown or white, admitted that the English heretic was a match with the *bolas*, or the loop, for the most renowned rider in Columbia, while in battle with the savages he had given a hundred proofs of courage. He told me his story, a simple one enough. He had come out to South America, rich in nothing but bodily strength and mother wit, and had made an honorable fortune by dint of sheer work. I believe his father had been a clergyman, and had died poor; but on this subject he said little. He was fond of telling of his early hardships as an emigrant, how he bought and sold, how he fought Indians and fevers, until he was wealthy enough to claim as his wife the girl whom he had left in her English home, far away, waiting faithfully for him to return and fetch her to the new dwelling across the seas. Mrs. Wilson had not had to wait very long, after all, for the betrothed lover had been more fortunate than is always the case when there is a long engagement.

"But you see," said Wilson, modestly, "I was a fair judge of cattle and pastures, and so forth, and luckily I settled where I am. I may say that my lines have fallen in pleasant places, and my fortune, which consists almost wholly in live stock, has quintupled itself in six years."

So honest William Wilson had been able to go back within a reasonable time to England, to wed his wife and bring her to her transatlantic home, and with her had come his sister, for whose maintenance he had hitherto provided, even while struggling his hardest. The family were prosperous, and their prosperity was well deserved, for they were popular with even the most jealous of that heretic-hating population among whom they dwelt. Wilson was perfectly happy, and would not have changed places with a king. He laughed at my hints that after all Columbia was hardly a country adapted for the safe residence of delicate ladies and children.

"Safe! Why not?" he would ask. "Oh the savages! Well, there's little to fear just at present from my old plagues, the *Indios bravos*. We haven't heard the war-hoop in real earnest since the year before I went over to be married. Now and then a few loping red-skins *do* make a dash at the beasts, but we seldom lose more than a hoof or two of them."

I said something about the danger of over-security, adding:

"I don't wish to be an alarmist, Wilson, but even in my very limited experience of the Llanos I have seen something of the horrors of Indian warfare. If I were in your place—besides a natural anxiety for the safety of wife and sister—I should never look at the golden hair of those little cherubs that are hunting the butterfly yonder without seeing, in fancy, the scalping-knife of the ruthless savage glittering over them. Near the sea, now—"

"Confound it, man, don't croak in that way!" cried my host, with unusual abruptness, and an angry look. But he relaxed into a smile directly afterward, and added: "I beg your pardon, Royston. I know your advice was most kind, and well intended, but I can not accept it. Why should we move? As for revolutions, they only affect the cities and high-roads, and we are out of the way of pronunciamentos and military massacres. Earthquakes! There hasn't been a shake strong enough to break a wine-glass since I've been in the country. Plenty of little shudders Mother Earth gives. You remember how Mary laughed the other night when the tiny shock came, as she was playing the piano, and spoiled the tune? Those shocks frightened the womankind at first, but now they care not a rush for them. So you perceive that in going coastward we should actually run into danger, political and geological."

I was worsted, but not convinced.

On another occasion, when there had been a slight nocturnal alarm—a mere dash made by a party of mounted savages at the corral, which contained not only horned beasts but a valuable mañada of horses and a string of mules—I ventured to hint to Wilson that such neighbors might some day prove an overmatch for his precautions. My entertainer was coming back from a bloodless victory and fruitless pursuit. He was half dressed and bareheaded, mounted on a horse without a saddle, just as he had started, rifle in hand, to lead half a dozen of his Spanish herdsmen against the marauders. He laughed good-humoredly at my forebodings.

"What a Cassandra you would have made, Royston!" said he, as he dropped to the ground from the back of his panting and heat-stained horse. "I haven't forgot my Virgil quite, you see. But, seriously, these affairs are child's play. The Indians have lost their old confidence. Ah! you should have seen the great raid they made upon us seven years back, before a stone of that house was reared, and when we had but a miserable timber barrack, the thatch of which they soon set on fire with their fire-tipped arrows. We had not that strong stockade, but merely a breast-work of turf and boughs, and round it swarmed five hundred of the painted yelling brutes, under their grand Cacique, White Eagle. Ah! he was a man, that chief! The Cäyquas will never get such another leader for their border forays. His son, spotted Jaguar, who commands them now, isn't fit to stand in his shoes—though, to be sure, he never wore such superfluities."

"But how did you manage?" asked I, with genuine interest. "Did the soldiers come to your help, or had you to fly to the town of San Juan?"

Wilson looked quite sheepish: he was one of those bold, bashful fellows who have an absolutely nervous dread of any thing that could be construed into a boast. He merely said it was an old story not worth telling, and strode off to go to bed again.

I found, however, on the next day, a more communicative narrator, in the person of José, the saladêro, or butcher of the farm—a man who boasted himself a pure Spaniard, Castilian, and "old Christian," by which he meant to disclaim the possession of any drop of Moorish or Hebrew blood. He was a tough, gray-headed old fellow of sixty-five, about the oldest and most experienced Llanero of all the settlement, although a broken limb, ill set, had spoiled his riding forever. Lame as he was, the old man had fought in many an Indian affray, and he had an almost exhaustless stock of stories. He was a very important member of the little commonwealth, since on the judicious use of his keen knife depended, in a great measure, the value of the hides exported. Every great cattle farm has its salada, presided over by an expert slaughterman, who kills numbers of oxen, not for meat alone, but for the sake of the hides and tallow, which South America so largely exports; and this hero of the pole-axe is called always "saladêro," to distinguish him from the town butcher, or "carnero."

I found the old man among his cherished piles of shaggy ox-hides, and with very little trouble elicited from him a full account of the memorable foray in which the wild Indians had besieged the hacienda.

"Holy St. Jago!" he began, "that *was* a peril indeed. A thousand of the barbarians broke into the civilized territory divided into two great bands, the most numerous of which was led by White Eagle, the terror of the frontiers. They came sweeping forward, burning and destroying, harming the land like a devouring fire, and leaving but blood and ashes where eight-and-twenty flourishing farms had stood. At last the White Eagle beset us here. Demonios! shall I ever forget the war-cry with which the savages came on, fringing the horizon with a long line of plumed heads and painted bodies, and long lances that had drunk the heart-drops of many whites? But Señor Wilson, our master—ah! what a man was he in the day of danger? The Cid could not have made a gallanter defense, I can tell you, Señor Inglese."

And then he proceeded to relate, in glowing language, the repeated and furious assaults on horseback and on foot, the stratagems, the surprises, which took place in the course of a siege that lasted three days and nights. He drew a graphic picture of the flaming arrows which set the thatch on fire; of the blood-thirsty yells of the savages; their frenzy at being thus baffled by a handful of men ("We were but eight guns," said José, proudly), and the cool courage and Herculean strength which Wilson had displayed in repeated hand-to-hand encounters. At last the famous Cacique of the Cäyquas, White Eagle—at whose belt hung seventeen fresh scalps, hideous trophies of that merciless war—had fallen by Wilson's hand, in a desperate effort to force the breast-work.

"And then they ran, Señor Inglese: the saints be with us, how they ran! They made but one bound, each man, to the back of the horse that was nearest him, and galloped away, leaving all the ground strewed with shields and bows, and plunder, and dead heathens. Santissima! the slain infidels made a mound that you may see to this day, all over turf and hemlocks, within the present stockade. And, Señor, the coward citizens of San Juan never stirred a finger to help us, though they saw the fire and heard our guns. I never go into their town since without snapping my fingers, in token of the contempt in which I hold them."

"And do you feel safe now?" asked I.

"St. Michael! yes," answered the slayer of cattle. "We have tamed the pride of the heathens, so that they come now to pilfer, not to scalp and slay, and bear off captives, as of old. We have the stone-house now with lead over the roof, that no flaming arrows can set on fire. We have a stockade that defies the tomahawk, and a ditch that no horse can leap. Better than all, Sir, we have eighteen guns, for eight we had at the great fight; and even, when all the men are out at the distant huts, there are sure to be ten herdsmen at home, counting myself; and then there is our master, Don Wilson, brave as Ruy Diaz, and strong as the blessed St. Hercules."

So old José was quite comfortable as to the future.

A few days afterward I saw Wilson's face grow uncommonly grave. Drought was the thing he had feared above all others; and drought, so fatal to the cattle-farmer, had begun. That is a rainless land—at least rain is very rare, so near the equator: the vapor condenses on the Andes as snow, but a shower is more of a rarity. Now the numberless rivers and streams—some fed by the melting of the mountain snows, some dependent on the heavy rains that fall in the tropical regions further north and south—keep the grass of the prairie succulent and green. But, for the first time since Wilson's occupation, stream after stream began to run dry; deep pools were changed into mere slimy pits; the grass grew withered and brown. Very soon the horses, mules, and cattle began to suffer, and next many of them died, or got so thin that they were obliged to be killed. Here was a calamity indeed; and daily it got worse. The emerald plains assumed a rusty and burned appearance, and water grew so scarce that the cattle were obliged to be driven away, far off, to the banks of big rivers that would not readily run dry. Here again there was a new danger, for these remote pastures were exposed to the maraudings of the savages, and were full of jaguars, wolves, pumas, and other beasts of prey. To guard against these, most of the vaqueros and peons were sent with the cattle, leaving but six men, besides Wilson, myself, and my man Diego, to look after the house. Ruin now stared the settler in the face; the complaints of the increasing drought were heard far and wide; my host's temper became less genial and joyous, and he began to pass his days in moody silence. I would have taken my leave, but for very shame sake I could not. I had shared, you see, the prosperity of these hospitable folks, and it would never do to prove a mere fair-weather guest by deserting them in misfortune. Two rifles were a welcome addition to the garrison of the farm, now that so many men were away with the herds beside the rivers.

One day as we were sitting and smoking, after supper, in the cool veranda, silent as usual, Wilson suddenly spoke.

"I'm becoming a sulky, inhospitable bear," said he, "and you are a good fellow, Royston, not to leave me in the lurch. But I'm afraid, downright afraid, of ruin. Not for my own sake; it's for the sake of my poor little ones, Lily and Lucy, that I flinch from loss as I do. I wanted them to be heiresses, you know, and to live happily and have enough, at home in England, when I'm no longer alive to care for their wants, poor pets—and now, if this lasts a month, I shall be almost a beggar."

In came a mulatto servant, Pedro by name, rolling his eyes, and showing every sign of perturbation.

"Señor Wilson," said the man, "the well is dry."

"Which well, booby?" asked his master, with a snappishness quite foreign to his habits; "and why do you stand glowering at me in that fashion?"

"Alas, noble Sir, it is the old deep well that was sunk in the time of the infidel Incas of Peru. Never has it failed before to supply us with plentiful water, cool as the snow of Andes, but now—"

"Now it has stopped. Well! I suppose the brook yields water yet, and you must fill your buckets there, and be sure you get it above the place where it is muddy with the trampling of the horses."

The mulatto lingered and wanted to say more, but Wilson abruptly dismissed him.

I had just settled my head comfortably on my pillow that night, and was dropping off into a doze, when I was disturbed by the entrance, on tip-toe, of my follower Diego, with a candle in his hand, and an expression of mysterious importance in his shrewd brown face.

"Señor Inglese," said he, "one word. To-morrow morning permit me to saddle your honor's horse, and my mule, and let us take our leave. Caramba! it will be high time."

I asked him what he meant.

"Diego does not like the drying up of that well, Señor. It is a portent. It means no good. Old José, who is the most knowing of all the vaqueros, says it never happened before, never but in 1827, when the great earthquake was."

"The deuce!" exclaimed I. "You don't surely mean to say it is a sign of a coming earthquake. Pshaw, man, Mr. Wilson assures me they are never worse hereabouts than those trifling shocks we have felt ourselves, mere flea-bites."

Diego shook his head. He observed that Mr. Wilson was a foreigner; that the English were as obstinate as pigs—no offense to present company; that old José had seen the great convulsion of 1827; and that then, and then alone, had the "well of the Incas" run dry. Diego spoiled my night's repose, but when I spoke to Wilson in the morning he had a hearty laugh at my follower's prognostications.

"Nonsense," said he; "the natives of this country are always haunted by fears of earthquakes and savages, and if I had listened to them I should have passed a delightful existence. I wish I could guarantee the cattle from thieves, four-footed and biped, as easily as I can insure you against being swallowed up alive. Nevertheless, if you have any apprehensions—"

I assured him I had none. That day and the next were awfully sultry and oppressive: not a breath of cool air from the Andes. The weight and stillness of the atmosphere were depressing to the spirits. The very hum of the buzzing insects had something melancholy in it. The children, usually so gay, lost all their buoyancy of spirit, and ceased to make the house ring with their merry laughter. We were all dull and stupid, and the servants went about with most hang-dog faces, while Diego looked reproachful and José didactic. On the second evening little Lily Wilson, the eldest child, came running to call papa and mamma, Mr. Royston, Aunt Mary, every body, to look at the beautiful fire in the sky. Out we went, and sure enough there was a fantastic belt of fire visible in the western sky, over the white tops of the hoary Andes. Now it seemed to cling to the mountains like a burning girdle, now to soar above them and flutter like a pennon, and now to glide like a tremulous pillar of light between earth and heaven. The children clapped their little hands with delight.

"A meteor, no doubt," said Wilson; "and finer than any I ever saw before. I never did see one in this latitude. I wonder if it has a special meaning."

His wife hung trembling on his arm, and whispered something in his ear. He laughed—with rather a forced merriment, I thought—and bade her dismiss idle fears. Just then up came Old José, clanking in the great vaquero boots he always wore, though his lameness prevented his riding. The old fellow was pale, but resolute.

"Master, I leave you."

"Leave me! You, José!" Wilson spoke in profound surprise.

"Señor patron, I have eaten your bread a long time, but life is dearer than bread. I would not have turned my back in battle, Señor, as you know. But there is a worse foe than the bloody-minded Indian—a foe that even you, brave Englishman, can not match. And from that enemy I flee at day dawn, master, across the mountains, where a cripple like myself must limp his way on foot. I have broken my engagement, and here," chinking down a bag of silver, "are the duros I owe you."

"I never thought," said Wilson, passionately clenching his fist, and drumming on the ground with his heavy foot, "that you, Old José, would have abandoned me in this cursed cowardly way."

The swarthy cheek of the old Spaniard reddened.

"Cowardly!" said he. "Señor, take back the word. Old José does not merit to be thus addressed. He fought by your side when the spears were thick as grass-blades by the river; he leaves you now that Heaven has blinded you. Señor!"—he raised his voice—"in 1827 perished in this valley my whole kith and kin, father and mother, sister and brother—here where I stand they died all, and I escaped by the blessing of the Madonna alone. And then, two days before the earth gaped for human lives, there glared a fiery flag in the sky, as to-night. It is a warning. Heretics may mock if they will. It is a warning to Christian men."

He turned on his heel, cast a sad look at his employer, at the ladies, and especially at the golden-haired children he had so often dandled on his knee, hobbled out, and was gone. An hour after, while Wilson was chafing and striding about the room like a caged lion, the whole of the servants, all save two impassive Indians of the full-blood, came to give warning. We had a sad evening. But ere I had finished undressing Mrs. Wilson tapped at my door, and told me with irrepressible joy that she had persuaded her husband to take the whole family, as soon as possible, across the mountains to the comparatively safe country on the Pacific sea-board. There they could remain until the danger was past, or the signs had proved futile.

"Isn't it kind of William, anxious as he is about the cattle away on the Negro?" said the pretty young matron, as she tripped away down the corridor. "Of course, Mr. Royston, you go with us? And my dear little ones! We shall sleep in peace."

I had ugly dreams that night. Dreams of anacondas and nameless man-devouring monsters that glared at me with eyes as inscrutable as those of the Egyptian Sphinx. I woke feverish and languid. Wilson, to my surprise, seemed quite ashamed of his own compliance with the wishes of his wife.

"Going to the sea, like a parcel of poltroons," said he, "and all because of a set of stories any old woman might be ashamed of! Strange, too, to see that José so unmanned: I saw the old rogue with three strapping Indians upon him at once, and he faced them boldly, and brained two with his axe before I relieved him of the third. Well! women rule us all. So I've sent off one of the men to San Juan town to see about litters and pack-mules, and we'll start to-morrow. You go with us, Royston, I hope? We'll have some shots at the condors west of the pass."

So it was settled that next day, when the equipages were ready, we should go, and the house should be shut up and left to take its chance of Indian assault. That was a dreadfully hot, still day

—the air as heavy as lead. Every body was gloomy, in spite of repeated efforts to be cheerful. And yet when the hour for the siesta came, nobody, not even the children, seemed to care for sleep. All were restless and ill at ease. Suddenly Wilson exclaimed:

"Royston, come out, will you? Hang the sun! I can't kick my heels indoors any more. Let's get our nags, and have a gallop over the Llanos."

Before long we were mounted: I on my black horse from the south, Wilson on a splendid sorrel mustang, with very evident marks of the Arabian blood derived from the Spanish jennets. We had our rifles slung, and heavy Mexican knives in our belts—an indispensable precaution on those prairies. And Wilson had his lasso at his saddle-bow, as well as the *bolas* which he always carried.

"There's a brindled bull astray," said he, "that has puzzled the vaqueros; perhaps I shall get a sight of him, and if I get the noose over his horns I'll forgive him if he gets off again. And then there's a flock of pronghorns, you know, our American antelopes, driven in by thirst. Shy as they are, we may get a crack at them. Come along!"

And he spurred out of the corral. I followed, and we were soon careering, side by side, over the boundless sea of grass. The brisk motion did us good, and stimulated our nerves a bit; and my companion shot an antelope, and slung him behind his saddle, and we hit on the tracks of the lost bull. After a sharp gallop we suddenly reined up. There lay the poor bull on the parched plain—dead, but still warm. It had died of thirst. A dozen ugly vultures rose screaming from the carcass. They had been pecking at the eyes and protruding tongue.

"Pah!" cried Wilson; "I hate the vulture's very name, but they are useful scavengers. Come along. Poor brindle! we have come too late to save the truant."

We rode homeward. Once or twice Wilson saw some shadows, far off, against the extreme horizon, and pronounced them to be mounted Indians.

"The dogs are after no harm; most likely chasing game that is running for the rivers, mad for the want of water," said he.

At last we reined up our horses on the edge of the low hill, carpeted with blossomed shrubs, which overlooked the fair white house and sweet shady garden which formed Wilson's home.

"How pretty!" I exclaimed, involuntarily.

"Can you wonder," said Wilson, "that I am anxious not to leave it to the torch of the savage? What on earth are you about?"

It was not I that was doing any thing remarkable. It was my horse that began to shiver, and to snort and pant, and spread his nostrils to the air, and show every sign of distress. I sprang to the ground.

"What ails the brute?" cried Wilson. "By Heaven! mine is trembling, too, in every limb."

And he, too, dismounted. The horses, dark with heat drops, with flanks quivering, limbs shaking, showed every sign of extreme terror. They pressed, whinnying, close to us, and then trembled till they could hardly stand. What was that? A groan, deep and thrilling as if it came from the agony of Nature herself—a sound as of a tortured Titan on the rock—came moaning sullenly past. It deepened: it swelled into a roar. The horses were down, cowering like frightened spaniels. And then we felt the solid earth heave and swell like surging water beneath us, and a swift shiver made the ground reel, and we dropped to our hands and knees. The earthquake! It was come in its terrors. What was that in the valley beneath? A great fissure was gaping in the earth, like the mouth of some devouring monster, stretching, widening fast—fast—quicker than I can describe it. We saw the dark chasm yawn like huge jaws hungry for prey. Then another shock came: we were prostrate, sickened, and giddy. The moans of the horses at our side were the only sounds audible. Crash! I saw the dust rise thickly where the huts of the herdsmen had fallen in. I saw the stout stockade give way like straws in a whirlwind, and the horses and the few cattle left, crouching huddled up together. But the house stood firm, with its fair white walls of hewn stone, though the trees around were snapping and breaking, the shrubs torn up, the ground bursting as if a mine had exploded. There were loud shrieks. I saw the fluttering garments of women, the fairy figures of the two children in the veranda, the outstretched arms, the wild gestures, and I heard the despairing cry for aid. But fast toward the house extended the dreadful chasm, yawning, widening, splitting asunder the firm earth with giant force: its huge jaws opened as if to devour the home and its inmates. The sight gave new strength to the husband and father. He sprang up, though his feet could hardly cling to the heaving ground. I caught his arm and held him fast.

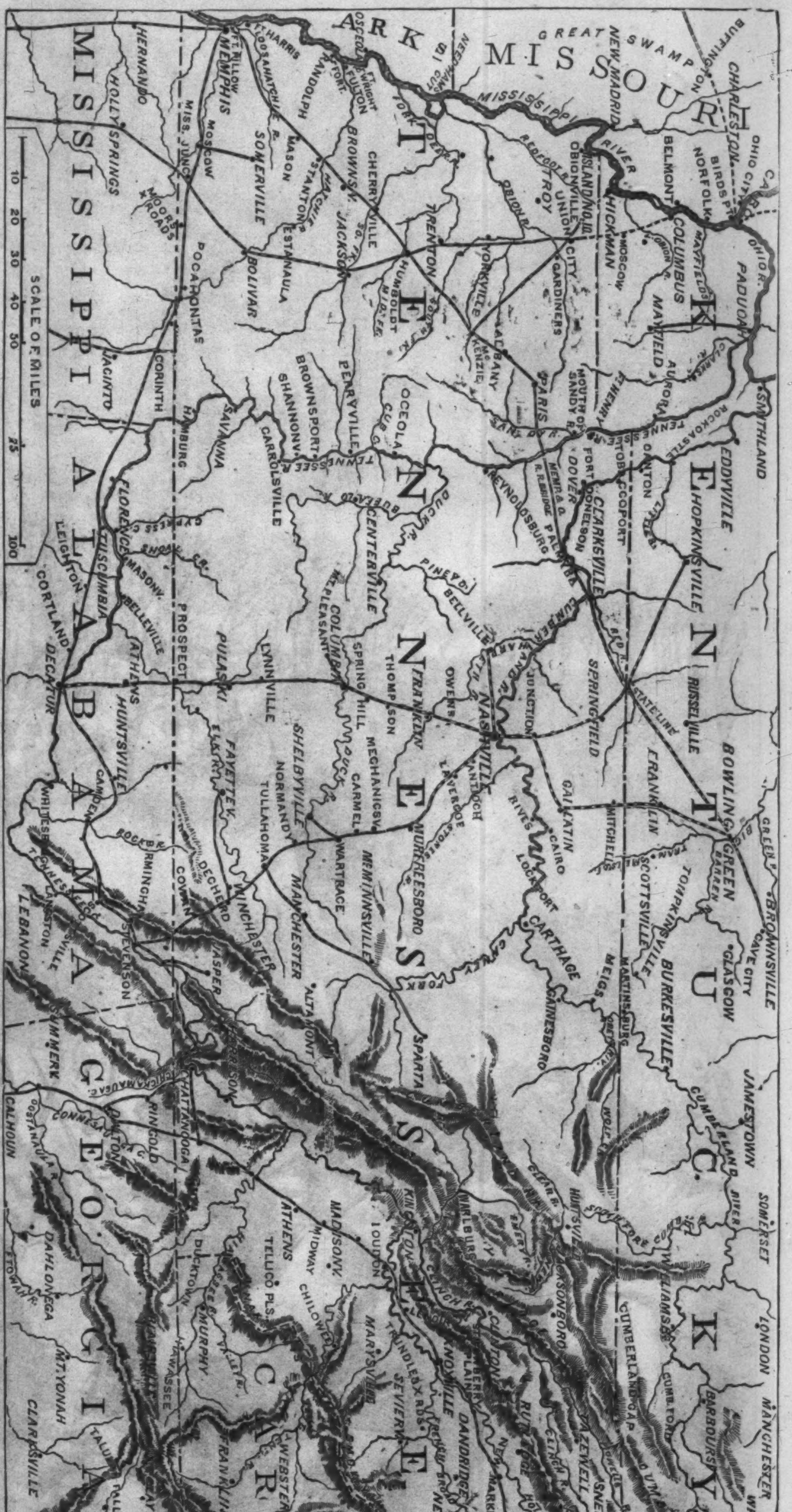
"Let me go!" he cried; "they call me. Let me go, or—"

In his madness, in his bitter despair, he would have struck me with his hunting-knife had I not released him. And yet by that momentary restraint I saved his life, worthless as the boon may have seemed to him, for in the next instant we were both flung helpless to the ground by a more violent shock. I glanced up; I saw the house quiver and reel; I saw the chasm open and swallow it up, with all its living inmates, and I pressed my hands upon my eyes to shut out the horrid sight. When the last shock passed away I looked again. The fissure had closed, all but a narrow rift, nearly choked with broken fragments of the ruins. Trees, bushes, earth, and stones lay tossed about in confusion. Nothing was unaltered. A few instants had changed the face of all familiar objects. Wilson lay beside me, senseless and livid. The horses were still in their ague-fit of fear. Two men only were standing unharmed where the huts of the herdsmen had stood. They were my guide and the Indian peon. Poor Wilson! he lay long ill of a brain-fever at San Juan de los Llanos, and when he recovered he was a broken man. The bodies of the dear ones he had lost were never seen more by mortal eye. His despair has done the work of years upon him, has made him what you see. The band is wailing its last tune. Shall we walk? And, old fellow, just one more cigar!

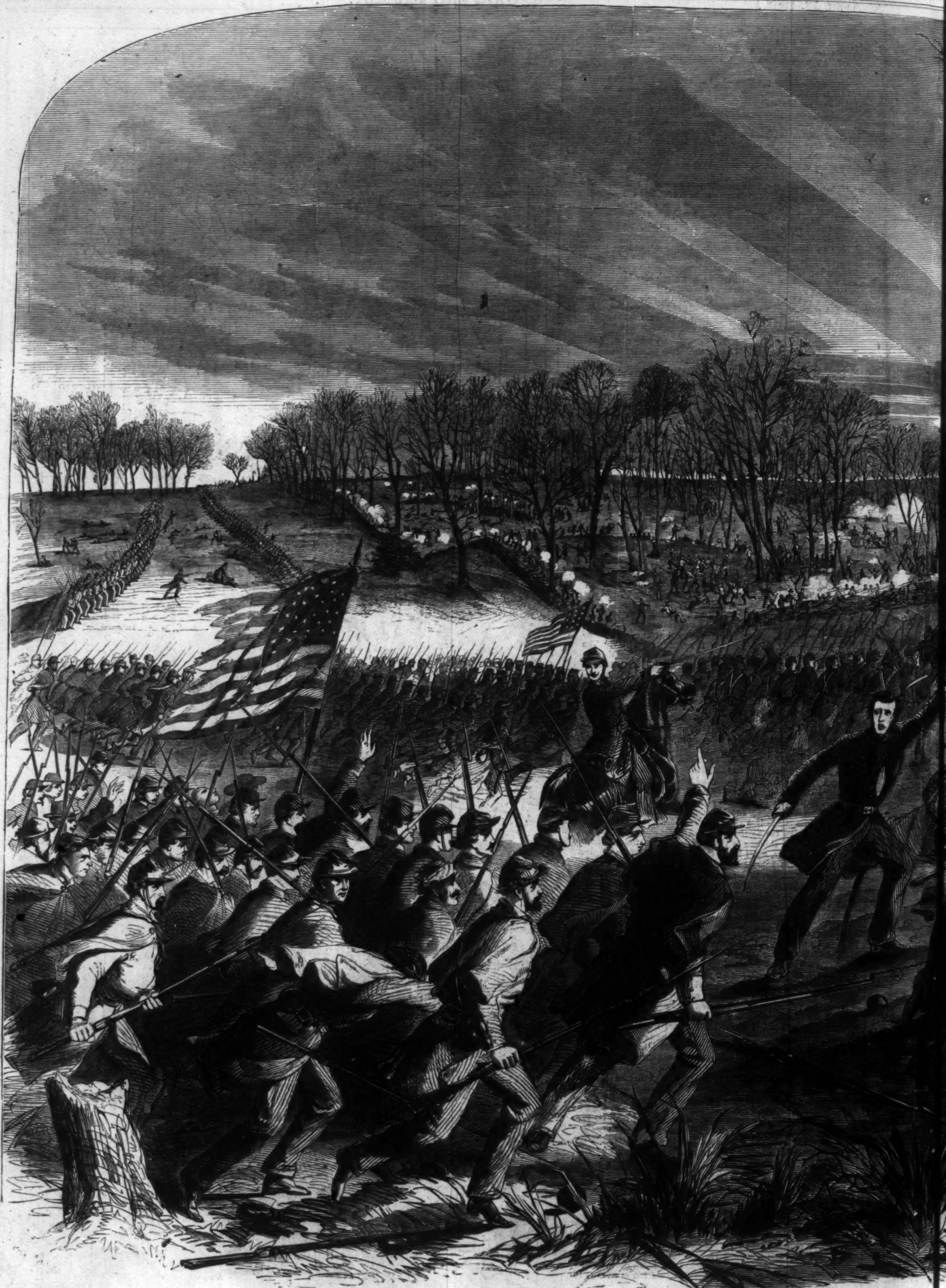
THE BATTLE OF NEWBERN.

On page 229 we reproduce two of the sketches sent us by our artist, Mr. Angelo Wiser, with the Burnside Expedition. One of them represents the Landing of our Troops below the forts of Newbern, our gun-boats shelling the woods; the other, the Bombardment of Newbern by the gun-boats, showing a distant view of the burning city. We gave a full account of the battle in our last paper, to which we refer.

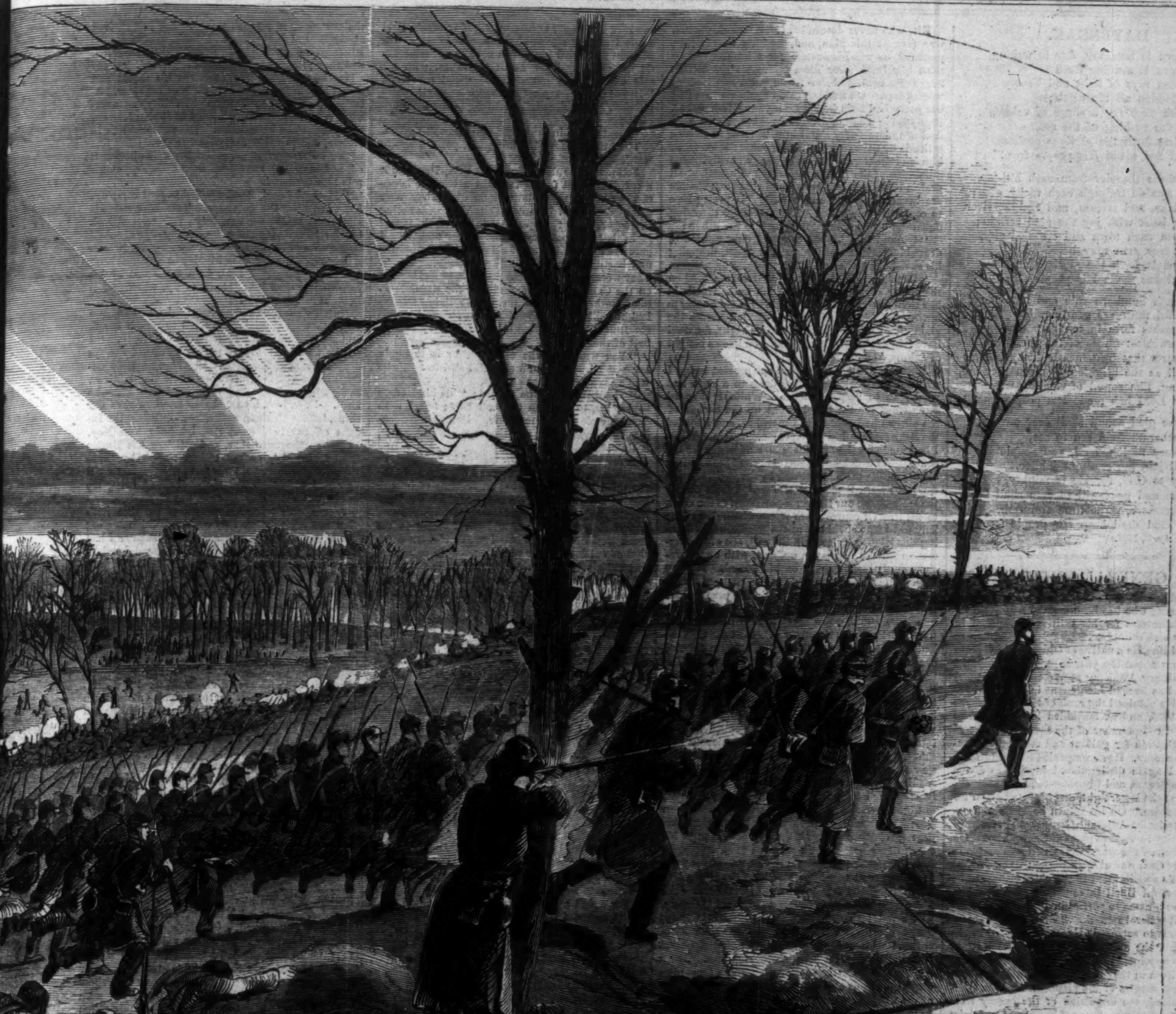
On page 225 we show a Bomb-proof Battery at Newbern, taken by our troops under General Burnside, from a sketch by Mr. Wiser. The battery is so strong, and the shelter for the gunners so thorough, that it seems incredible that our gallant fellows should have taken it with so little loss.


MISSOURI
ARK
KENTUCKY
TENNESSEE
MISSISSIPPI
ALABAMA
GEORGIA
NORTH CAROLINA
SOUTH CAROLINA
VIRGINIA
GREAT SWAMP
MISSISSIPPI RIVER
OHIO R.
TENNESSEE R.
CUMBERLAND R.
DUCK R.
SCALE OF MILES
10
20
30
40
50
75
100
CAIRO
CHARLESTON
BIRDS P.
NORFOLK
BELMONT
COLUMBUS
HICKMAN
NEW MADRID
ISLAND No. 10
OBION
UNION CITY
TROY
PADUCAH
SMITHLAND
MAYFIELD
EDDYVILLE
HOPKINSVILLE
RUSSELVILLE
BOWLING GREEN
FRANKLIN
GLASGOW
CAVE CITY
BURKESVILLE
JAMESTOWN
SOMERSET
LONDON
MANCHESTER
BARBOURSVILLE
WHITESBURG
CUMBERLAND GAP
JONESVILLE
ESTILLVILLE
ABINGDON
LEBANON
GLADESVILLE
MEMPHIS
FORT PILLOW
RANDOLPH
COVINGTON
BROWNSVILLE
JACKSON
HUMBOLDT
TRENTON
PARIS
HUNTINGDON
DOVER
FORT DONELSON
FORT HENRY
CLARKSVILLE
SPRINGFIELD
NASHVILLE
GALLATIN
MURFREESBORO
COLUMBIA
FRANKLIN
SHELBYVILLE
PULASKI
FAYETTEVILLE
WINCHESTER
MANCHESTER
McMINNVILLE
SPARTA
CARTHAGE
GAINESBORO
KINGSTON
KNOXVILLE
LOUDON
ATHENS
MADISONVILLE
DANDRIDGE
GREENEVILLE
JONESBORO
ELIZABETH
ROGERSVILLE
SNEEDSVILLE
TAZEWELL
CHATTANOOGA
JASPER
STEVENSON
BOLIVAR
SOMERVILLE
LA GRANGE
MOSCOW
HOLLY SPRINGS
HERNANDO
POCAHONTAS
CORINTH
JACINTO
HAMBURG
SAVANNAH
FLORENCE
TUSCUMBIA
DECATUR
HUNTSVILLE
ATHENS
LEIGHTON
CORTLAND
CENTERVILLE
WAYNESBORO
LAWRENCEBURG
CARROLLSVILLE
PERRYVILLE
REYNOLDSBURG
DAHLONEGA
CLARKSVILLE
CALHOUN
RINGGOLD
WAYNESVILLE
ASHEVILLE
HENDERSONVILLE
MARSHALL
PICKENS C.H.
ANDERSON C.H.

MAP OF THE SEAT OF WAR IN TENNESSEE AND MISSISSIPPI, SHOWING THE PRESENT POSITIONS OF THE UNION AND REBEL ARMIES.



THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER—DECISIVE CHARGE UPON, THE REBELS A



AT THE STONE WALL.—DRAWN BY MR. A. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 235.]

DAYBREAK.

The dawn is breaking, day is waking,
The sun is sending forth
Its million rays of light and beauty
To gladden all the earth;
And with each ray a surge of voices,
Like the rushing of the sea,
Is pouring forth the glorious anthem,
"God has made His people free!"

Wild echoes thunder from each hill-top,
And rumble through each rocky glen;
While lake, and stream, and rushing river
Fling back with joy the glad refrain;
And from each town and crowded city,
Wherever man may be,
Again peals forth the glorious anthem,
"God has made His people free!"

From each Southern vale and hamlet
Tuneful murmurs gently roll,
Then gushes forth in tender pathos
The sweetest music of the soul;
The hearts that beat 'neath dusky bosoms
Thrill as the brightening morn they see,
And sing, like sound of rippling waters,
"De Lord hab made His people free!"

Thus the glad sound shall ever onward
Reverberate from sea to sea,
And every nation, land, and people
Shall join the exultant jubilee,
"Glory to God, for He is mighty,
Peace and good-will to man shall be;
And evermore, while time endureth,
Our God shall keep His people free!"

Lowell, *April*, 1862.

GENERAL BUELL.

We publish on page 225 a portrait of General D. C. Buell, who has been created a Major-General of Volunteers for his brilliant campaign in Kentucky and Tennessee.

General Buell is a native of Ohio, in which State he was born about the year 1818. He graduated at the Military Academy at West Point in 1837, and served as Second Lieutenant in the Third Infantry. He obtained the rank of First Lieutenant in June, 1846, and accompanied his regiment to Mexico. In September of the same year he was breveted Captain for gallant and meritorious conduct at Monterey. He accompanied General Scott's army, and again distinguished himself at Cerro Gordo, Contreras, and Churubusco; was severely wounded at the latter fight, and breveted Major for gallantry there. On his return home he was appointed Assistant Adjutant-General, and served in that capacity in various parts of the country. On the outbreak of the war Major Buell was active in organizing the army at Washington. On General M'Clellan's appointment to the chief command he placed General Buell in command of a division, which soon became so perfect in discipline and drill as to elicit general remark. Soon afterward it was deemed best to supersede General Sherman in the command of the army in Kentucky, and General Buell was appointed in his stead. His subsequent career is fresh in the memory of the public, and the triumphant success of his plans without the shedding of blood, the expulsion of the enemy from Kentucky, and the recovery of Tennessee, proclaim him a General of the first ability.

KIT BUTLER FROM BOONVILLE.

Some ten years ago, when travelers in Oregon suffered very severely from attacks of Indians, I was one of a party passing through that wild and unknown State, in my way to California. After a month's ride from the Willamette Valley, we diverged westward from the great emigrant trail, and found ourselves camped one evening on the trail to Crescent City, at its intersection by Deer Creek, an offshoot of the Illinois River. Our party consisted, besides myself, of two lethargic Germans, a feeble-minded young artist lately from London, and a stark taciturn hunter from Missouri. During our long journey I had tried to be companionable with each of my fellow-travelers in turn, and at last had fallen back on Kit Butler, the Missourian, with whom I gradually established terms of a smoking, not a speaking intimacy. On the evening of our encampment on Deer Creek, supper having been eaten and the horses picketed before setting the guard, each of us betook himself to his own private relaxation. This was for the German, sleep; for the artist, self-examination by help of a small glass on a comb-handle; for Kit and me, the resolving of ourselves into a vigorous smoking committee. When we had been smoking for some little time, Kit suddenly addressed me: "Mate," he said, "this hoss don't kinder fancy this har camp, he don't."

To my eyes a better camping-ground could not have been selected. It was pitched on a flat prairie, where "wood, water, and grass" were each at hand, while, at the same time, there was no cover for lurking Indians nearer than the creek—a long rifle-shot distant. But Kit, I observed, had his eye, miles and miles away, on a thin, spiral column of smoke.

"An Indian camp-fire!" I exclaimed.

"And Rogue River too near," Kit growled.

I understood him. We were camped not far from the Rogue River, and it was likely enough the fire had been lit by an outlying party of the Rogue Tribe, who had earned their sobriquet from being notoriously the most rascally Indians in all Oregon. The night, however, passed without an alarm. In the morning, the Germans' cattle, already half foundered, were found to be so badly galled by careless saddling that it was agreed we should halt for four-and-twenty hours to give the poor brutes a chance of recruiting.

Kit, who never descended to argument, made a wry face at this plan, and, catching up his rifle, prepared, as was his custom, for a hunt. I went with him, and after some hours we got within range of a herd, and shot for supper a small elk or wapiti deer. On nearing camp again we saw that our party had been joined by a young Indian lad. Equipped in a suit of dressed deerskin, with a good deal of Indian finery about him, he stood in an easy attitude by the camp fire, while our artist sketched him, and the Germans were looking on lazily. This admission of the Indian into camp was against all prairie laws, as it has been found that such visitors are invariably spies, and "trouble" is pretty sure to come of their visits. Kit, therefore, throwing down the venison, burst angrily into the group:

"I found him by the creek: I only wanted to draw him," explained the startled artist, dropping his sketching block and brush.

"Draw him!" Kit shouted, "I'll draw a bead on the young spy's carcass if he don't make tracks in less than no time. Mate!" said the ireful hunter to me, as the frightened red-skin darted across the plain, "jest fix your shooting-irons right, for we'll have 'trouble' afore long. This coon knows nought of Injuns, *he* don't."

Impatient to get away from our present camp, I was not sorry when the day drew to a close and we began to prepare supper. While I chopped some wood for the fire Kit cut up the carcass of the elk we had shot in the morning, and kneaded the flour for bread in the "prospecting" tin. When I had made up the fire, there was no water for the coffee. As usual, our companions had been loafing about, aiding little or nothing in the indispensable camp duties. Somewhat annoyed, I bade one of the loafers take our tin sauce-pan down to the creek to fill it. Of course there was a discussion of the lazy as to who should be at the trouble of performing this slight service. In the end, one of the Germans took the sauce-pan up, and, with an ungracious expletive, departed on his errand. My fire blazed away brightly. Kit's cake, propped up before it with a stone, was baking in the usual primitive prairie fashion, and the venison steaks, cut up into little chunks, threaded on to a peeled wand, were twirling over the embers. Still the German had not returned with the water. As, in spite of our hails, he did not emerge from the hollow of the creek, which had a steep bank considerably higher than a man, his fellow-countryman was dispatched to see what he was doing. When he in his turn had disappeared down the bank, I noticed that Kit, who sat on the ground twirling the spit, let it fall into the fire, and seemed to listen anxiously to a sound that reached only an ear quick as his. But shortly an awful shout arose. It was a heart-rending appeal for help, and I should have certainly responded to it by rushing down to the creek, but that powerful grasp of Kit, who had now risen from the ground, withheld me. Again, and this time fearfully prolonged, the cry of a man in his extremity arose, and we saw the second German struggling desperately from the creek. Even from the distance at which we stood we could perceive that during the few moments of his absence he had passed through a terrible ordeal, for his clothes, where not torn completely away, hung in strips about his person, and exposed the naked flesh, crimson with many slashes, telling that the cruel and silent knife had been at work on him. For a moment this ghastly figure extended its arms piteously toward us and uttered another cry, but fainter than before. It was his last effort. Apparently seized from behind by an unseen hand, the unfortunate man tottered for a moment, then threw up his arms, sank back, and disappeared down the creek. Kit was the first of the witnesses of this shocking tragedy to break silence. "Injuns!" he cried; but his explanation was superfluous, for as he uttered it a crowd of red-skins jumped forth from the creek, and charged down upon us with pealing whoops.

"Look to the cattle, or we'll all be rubbed out, by thunder!" shouted Kit, as we caught up our rifles. His warning was just in time. No white man's horse can brook the Indian whoop, and all those of ours that had hitherto been grazing quietly about, with their lareats dragging, galloped wildly over the prairie in full stampede, and were irrecoverably lost. Only three horses remained to us. They had luckily a short time before been hitched up to a tree near at hand. Before these terrified brutes could break away we had sprung to their heads, and effectually secured them by doubling their lassos. At first, panic-struck by the appalling sight I had just witnessed, and the critical position in which we were placed, I entertained the idea of flinging myself on to the back of one of the horses and flying for my life, but the hunter restrained me. "Do as I do, mate," he said, with an admirable coolness that completely reassured me; and in obedience to his example I took cover behind the horses, and leveled my rifle across their backs point-blank at the approaching rout of red-skins. These, who were armed chiefly with bows and arrows, observing our demonstrations, and knowing that we were not to be taken by surprise, or without a certain loss to themselves—conditions utterly opposed to all Indian ideas of warfare—gradually faltered in their pace till they came to a stand-still, and then broke and fled back to the cover of the creek in great confusion.

There being now breathing-time, I remembered the artist. Strange to say, he was nowhere to be seen; but Kit, who seemed to divine the reason of my puzzled looks, pointed up the tree beneath which we stood. I looked aloft, and dimly amidst the foliage of the cedar I descried a dangling pair of Bluchers that seemed familiar to me. They were the artist's. "Come down!" I shouted; "the Indians are gone." But my request met with no response, unless an irritable movement of the dangling boots was meant for a negative. Again I hailed them, when, as if to put an end to all further argument, they ascended higher among the branches, and were lost to sight. "Guess the scared critter's best up the cedar," said Kit, adding suddenly, as he glanced over the prairie, "Hurrah! Now, mate, saddle up right smart." And while I rapidly equipped the horses, to my astonishment he busied himself in casting upon the fire all the property lying about the camp, with the sole exception of our own rifles and revolvers. "If yon varmint git us they'll only git mean plunder," he said, grimly contemplating his work of destruction.

"The Indians in the creek, you mean?" I asked.

The hunter shook his head, and pointed southward.

Following the direction of his arm, I made out through the fast fading twilight a band of horsemen galloping right down upon us. They were mounted Indians. As doubtless they were acting in concert with those on foot in the creek, it was plain that our position was no longer tenable. I perceived that Kit was of this opinion, for he was now hastily examining our three remaining horses. They were young American cattle that I had bought on the Columbia as a speculation for the Californian market. Two of them were light, weedy-looking fillies; but the third, a powerfully-made chestnut stallion, with white feet, was by far the best of the lot.

"You will take the chestnut, he is the only horse at all up to your weight," I said to Kit, who was a seventeen stoner at least.

"Thankee, mate," he replied; "'tis kind of ye—yes, 'tis, to give up the best hoss; but I wish 'twar my ole spotted mustang. Don't kinder consate them white feet, and that eye ain't clar grit, it ain't!"

A few minutes were now wasted in endeavoring to persuade the artist to descend the tree and take the third horse; but either on account of intense fear, or a conviction of the security of his "cache," he still made no sign. As the horsemen were now fast closing in upon us, and the footmen in the creek began to show themselves, as if with a design of cutting off our retreat, we were compelled unwillingly to leave this impracticable votary of "high art" to his fate. So, mounting our horses, and driving the third one before us, we put out on the back trail.

"Hold hard, friend!" said my comrade, as the fresh young filly I rode stretched out in a slashing gallop. "If 'twur only twenty mile of good pariera from this to Van Noy Ferry thut we've got to make to save our skins, we'd throw out yon varmints right smart; but reck'lect this pariera gives out in six mile more, and we've as many mile over bad mountain range afore we git down to the open agin, that'll give these fine breeders goss!"

With horses well in hand we had ridden some little distance, when a loud whoop in our rear proclaimed that the Indians had reached our camp, but whether the demonstration proceeded from disappointment at the destruction of their anticipated prize, or rejoicing at the capture of our companion, the failing light did not permit us to judge. Soon we heard them again in pursuit. Darkness now set rapidly in, but riding as usual in Indian file, our horses accustomed for several weeks to follow the trail, picked it out with the greatest ease. As we came to the end of the prairie I was delighted to see a full moon rising over the mountains, so that we should now have light to guide us in our flight—a great chance in our favor. Kit had relapsed into his accustomed taciturnity, and beyond paying great attention to the sounds in the rear, by which he seemed to regulate our pace, he betrayed no interest in any thing. Knowing that all depended on our horses holding out, as we clattered up the first long mountain slope, I ranged alongside of him and examined their conditions. My own filly, though pretty heavily weighted, was as yet perfectly fresh, her stride was easy and elastic, and I felt she was warming well to her work. But an unpleasant sensation came over me as I noticed that Kit's chestnut was already bathed in a profuse sweat.

Now that we were fairly in the mountains our real troubles began. Three days since we had crossed this range, and having shortly before made the passage of the great Cañon Creek, a terrific pass, the trail had not appeared more dangerous than usual. But then we had leisure and daylight to aid us; now, the white metallic light of the moon, which brought out in startling distinctness each crag and rocky point it fell upon, left many dangerous bits of our path in deep obscurity; yet we were compelled to pass over them in full career, for our pursuers now began to push us to their utmost. At intervals, above the clatter of our horses' iron-shod hoofs, the mountains behind us echoed with their whoops, and were replied to from the heights around by the peculiar cry of the white owl, proceeding, as we were aware, from red sentinels, who were able to observe each turn of the chase, and thus urged their comrades still to follow. Urged by their wild riders to the top of their speed, the hardy, unshod little mustangs of our enemies scrambled after us over the dangerous trail with a cat-like facility of foothold not possessed by our own cattle. To add to our embarrassments, our third horse now began to show a desire to stray from the trail, and forced us often to lose ground by swerving to head him back again. In fact, it was all we could do to hold our own, and, desperately as our desperate need required it, we pushed on. The steep mountain-side, the other day painfully ascended, was now dashed furiously down; the edge of the precipice, usually traversed so gingerly, was spurred fiercely over, unheeding the appeals of our terrified horses, who quivered and snorted in very fear. Without drawing bridle we spattered through the mountain torrent that ran down the deep gulches, and took flying the smaller streams. When the last weary mountain-crest was topped, and we descended again to the wooded plain beneath, I should have felt myself comparatively safe had it not been for the deplorable condition of our horses. As Kit had foreseen, the mountain-range had fearfully tried them. Though my mare, with the instinct of good blood, still answered when I made a call on her, I felt she was getting fast used up; but the chestnut was in a still worse plight; his drooping crest and laboring stride told the extremity of his distress. We had just arrived at the ford of State Creek, a small arm of Rogue River, when Kit's chestnut suddenly staggered, and then plunged headlong to the ground. "Four white legs and a white nose, cut his throat and throw him to the crows!" exclaimed his rider, bitterly repeating the old saw as he vainly endeavored to raise him. Meanwhile I had ridden forward and caught the loose horse. Kit mounted him in silence, and together we entered the ford; but just before we reached the opposite bank he dismounted, and standing knee-deep in the water, put his rein into my hand.

"Mate," he said, "we're bound to part comp'ny, if we don't want to go under. Take both animals and make tracks for Van Noy; this coon 'll look out for hisself, somehow. Good-by t'ye!" And he set off wading down the creek.

I brought my horses to his side in a moment.

"No, no, Kit," I said, deeply touched by his generous proposition; "fight or fly, whichever it is, we'll keep together."

"Don't rile me, young fellar," he replied, in a voice that he vainly endeavored to render harsh, and abandoned for a tone of earnest entreaty. "I tell 'ee we must part now; it can't be fixed noways different. That thur light animal 'ud burst up under my weight long afore we made Rogue River, and yourn ain't got two mile run left in him—he ain't. Now, look h'yar, if yew want to save our skins, take both them animals—it 'll throw the Injuns off my trail—and ride hard for Van Noy. Rouse up the boys thar, and tell 'em Kit Butler from Boonville's cached in the timber by State Crick, and the red-skins are out. Guess they'll be round with their shooting-irons, and bring me in right away. Hurrah now, boy!"

A moment's reflection convinced me that Kit's plan was the only one that could possibly save us; but it was with a bitterness of heart such as I had never felt before that I shook his loyal hand—I could not speak—in token that I bade him farewell. If I acted wrongly in abandoning him, God knows that my own reflections, as I put out on my lonely trail, were almost punishment enough.

But, in reality, Kit's chances of escape were not far from being as good as my own. The plain, especially by the creek, was well wooded, so that our separation took place entirely without the knowledge of the Indians, who, though they would certainly find the foundered chestnut, would naturally conclude that its rider was away on the fresh horse. Neither would they gain any information from the hunter's tracks, for, of course, he had taken the precaution to wade some distance down the creek before he cached in the timber, and water leaves no trail. But I could not reason on all this then. I could only remember that I had left the last and best of all my comrades behind me, and that if evil came to him I should be held accountable. Deeply plunged in such maddening reflections, I had not ridden far when the report of a rifle in my rear almost caused my heart to stand still.

The Indians, then, had discovered Kit's cache. I pulled up my horses and turned round with the desperate determination of rejoining him at any hazard, when all at once I remembered, in impotent despair, that, with the exception of my bowie-knife, I was unarmed. On parting, Kit had taken possession of my rifle and revolver, remarking that, while they might be of use to him, I should ride lighter without them. All a pretext! I saw it now when too late. The noble-minded fellow had guessed that if I heard him engaged with the Indians I should return, and had thus taken measures effectually to prevent me. Utterly distraught on making this discovery, I remember little more of my ride to Van Noy Ferry. Though I rode like a madman, I must yet have acted with the soundest discretion. My horse was afterward found dead about two miles up Applegate Creek, by which the trail ran after leaving State Creek. At that point I must have mounted the second horse, and swam the creek, instead of following it up to Rogue River. Then I crossed the country in a northeasterly direction, and thus, by cutting off an angle, considerably shortened the distance. But of all this I only distinctly remember pricking along my failing horse with my bowie-knife, as the lights of the ferry came into view, till he also gave in and fell, throwing me over his head and inflicting on me no trifling injuries; and that wet, bruised, and bleeding, but still with the one fixed, irrevocable idea pervading my weakened senses, that Kit was in deadly peril for my sake, and that he must be saved, I burst into the midst of the ferry-men as they sat round their fire in their log-hut.

"Kit Butler, from Boonville!" shouted one of the rough backwoodsmen, the captain of the ferry, in reply to my wild appeal for help. "By thunder! he's jest my fust cousin; how kim yew to quit, mister, when he war in sich a tarnation fix, eh?"

"Talking won't get him out of it, man," I replied, impatiently; "either come along with me at once to help him, or give me a rifle and fresh horses and let me do what I can myself."

"We'll go—don't you fear, mister," he said, more graciously; "yon darned red-skins ain't goin' to wipe out the smartest mountain boy in all Oregon. And no 'muss' round! H'yar yew—Pete—Dave—Zack—lay hold of your shootin'-irons, boys, and git the animals out of the corral."

"Ay, ay, Cap!" was the ready response; and with astonishing quickness we were all armed and mounted on sturdy mustangs, riding hard to the rescue.

As we splashed through Applegate Creek Ford we heard a shot to the front, followed shortly by another. "Hurrah, boys!" shouted our leader; "thar goes old Kit! He ain't wiped out jest yet, nohow. Guess it'll take a caution o' red-skins to whip him. He'll make 'em see snakes and black ones at that."

In a few minutes more we debouched on to the north bank of State Creek, but not an Indian was visible. The noise of our approach had effectually scared them; they had not cared to stand the brunt of a charge of half a dozen white men. As we swept up the creek dear old Kit stepped out of his cover, his hands and face black with powder, and his forehead bleeding, but only from the splinter of a bad cap.

"You're welkim, boy!" he said, as we shook hands; "'twar getting hot, though I peppered one or two of the varmints. They got on my trail right a nart when yew quit; but they ain't got me this time, I reckon."

Prudence forbade our small party from attempting the mountain-passes that night to learn the fate of our comrades, but early the next day we reached Deer Creek.

As we had anticipated, we found the two Germans dead in the creek, where the fatal ambush had been laid for them. Of the artist we could find no traces, but on our return to the ferry we found him there. Though unhurt, his plight was ludicrously doleful. The Indians had discovered him in the cedar, and it would have fared ill with him but that the sketch of the young Indian was found on his person, drawn so accurately that all his captors recognized it. Believing from this circumstance that he was a great "medicine" man whom it would be dangerous to injure, they stripped and released him.

THE BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

We publish on pages 232 and 233 a large picture of the Battle of Winchester from a sketch drawn by our special artist, Mr. A. R. Waud; and on page 225 a portrait of the hero of the day, General Shields. The *Herald* correspondent furnished that paper with the following graphic account of the battle:

On Saturday afternoon, March 15, at about a quarter past two o'clock, our advanced pickets on the Strasburg road discovered the rebel cavalry under the madcap Ashby about half a mile beyond them, reconnoitring the woods on both sides of the turnpike, and steadily advancing. Our pickets consisted of a few men of the Fourteenth Indiana infantry at that point, and they fell back half a mile to the hamlet of Kernstown, four miles from Winchester. The rebels, observing our pickets fall back, were confirmed in the belief that our forces here did not exceed five thousand men. They then gave chase. Coming up with our men, Ashby cried at the top of his voice, "There they are, boys; now give them hell!" Steadily did the troopers advance as our men wheeled to aim and fire. That fire sent many of them reeling from their saddles, and threw the rest into such confusion that before they could again be rallied for a charge our gallant little band of infantry was beyond the reach of their power, without having lost a man killed or wounded. Meanwhile skirmishing progressed on other points along our advanced line, and our pickets were every where rallying on our reserves. General Shields hearing of the advance of the rebel cavalry, supposed it to be a manœuvre of Ashby alone for the purpose of watching our movements. As they were approaching so boldly and so closely, however, he ordered four advanced companies of infantry, engaged in protecting the supply train, to rally to the support of the more advanced pickets, and try to hold the rebels in check till he could move down the division. These four companies were made up of one from the Maryland First, one from the Twenty-eighth Pennsylvania, one from the Forty-sixth Pennsylvania, and one from the Twenty-eighth New York. Their regiments had already marched under General Williams. A battery of artillery was also ordered forward, and General Shields, after ordering out the division, rode to the front, accompanied by his staff. While engaged directing the fire of the artillery and the defense generally, a shell from the rebel battery of four guns, which now began to play on us, burst near him, and a splinter from it struck him in the left arm, just above the elbow, fracturing the bone and creating a painful wound. His Adjutant-General, Major Armstrong, who was standing near, remarked, "General, you are wounded in the arm." "Yes," replied the gallant Shields, "but say nothing about it." He then gave a fresh order to the artillery, and continued on the field till he satisfied himself that all was right. A man belonging to Captain Robinson's company of Ohio artillery and a horse were killed on this day by the enemy's guns; but these were all the casualties that occurred on our side till the skirmish of the first day was ended. The wound of General Shields caused a pang throughout the entire division, and it is remarkable that he should have been the first man struck on our side. Our division began to arrive in force on the field toward dark, and the rebels perceiving this did not push their advance, but halted about three miles from Winchester for the night, lighted their camp fires and bivouacked, while our army lay between them and the town. It was generally believed that a general engagement would take place on the next day (Sunday), and the expectants were not disappointed. That night was one of terrible suspense on both sides. No one knew what the rebels delayed their advance for, while it was our policy to postpone a battle, in view of the preponderating force of the enemy, in order to allow reinforcements to arrive from the division of General Williams, the rear-guard of which had already advanced ten miles toward the Shenandoah.

Morning explained the reason of the enemy's halt. About ten o'clock reinforcements of five regiments of infantry and two batteries of artillery were announced arriving from Strasburg, under General Garnett, by the vociferous and prolonged cheers which proceeded from their lines. The attack was not now long delayed. The enemy advanced his army, which now consisted of sixteen regiments of infantry, numbering 11,000 men; five batteries of artillery, with a total of twenty-eight field-pieces, and three battalions of horse, under Ashby and Stewart. His line of battle extended about a mile on the right of the village of Kernstown, and a mile and three-quarters on the left of it, and the village lay on the road between the rebel right and centre. There is a mud road branching from the turnpike a mile or so from Winchester, to the right of the road as you go to Strasburg. This road passed through the left of the enemy's centre, and was one of their points of defense. Beyond that there is a grove of trees, and farther a ridge of hills with a stone wall running along its summit about breast-high. This was the rebel line of offense and defense on the right of our line. Our most advanced regiment was the Eighth Ohio, of General Tyler's brigade, and on it the rebels made a furious onslaught about half past ten o'clock A.M. on Sunday, with the intention of turning our right flank. The Ohio Eighth met them gallantly, withering them like autumn leaves before the breath of winter by their deadly fire of rifles. Five several times did the enemy emerge from the woods and from behind their stone parapet with vastly superior numbers, and try vainly to accomplish their object. Our left wing, consisting of the Thirteenth Indiana, Seventh Ohio, and a battery of the Fourth Regular Artillery, under Captain Jenks, had a feint made on it while the real attack of the enemy was being directed against our right wing. The feint on the left was a heavy fire of artillery posted on both sides of the village and the turnpike, which, however, did trifling damage. Our battery replied, silencing those of the enemy, though the firing was well maintained for a long time on both sides. Our centre consisted of the Fourteenth Indiana, the Eighth and Sixty-seventh Ohio, and the Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania, and two artillery batteries belonging to the First Ohio Artillery, and the cavalry, consisting of the First Michigan and First Ohio, were drawn up in the rear. The whole of our cavalry amounted to no more than 800 men, and this arm played a very unimportant part in the action on either side. Our right wing was made up of the Fifth and Eighth Ohio regiments, and a battery of the First Virginia Regiment. The reserves consisted of the Twelfth Indiana, the Thirty-ninth Illinois, and a squadron of the Michigan Cavalry. General Shields was unable to appear on the field in person, and the command in the field devolved upon Acting Brigadier Kimball, who led our centre; and our right was commanded by Acting Brigadier-General Tyler, while Colonel Sullivan directed the operations on our left. The battle raged along the whole line with great fury from eleven A.M. till half past two P.M., when General Shields, who received accounts of the progress of the fight on his couch, ordered the right, where the contest raged the hottest, to charge upon the enemy. That was an awful charge. The left of the enemy prepared desperately to repel our gallant troops, but their rush was as irresistible as the tide in the Bay of Fundy. Previous to this time our line of battle had been somewhat changed. The Eighty-fourth Pennsylvania reinforced our right, and also a battery of artillery. Our whole force now engaged was about 6000 men, while that of the enemy was at the lowest estimate 8000. The rebels had also changed their line, and extending both their wings, presented a concave front to our army. They had also reinforced their left wing, and the charge to be made by our right was all-important in its consequences. On it at three o'clock depended the fate of the entire battle. The gallant Tyler led the charge, sword in hand, at the head of the line. The rebels fired from the woods with artillery and small-arms, while our men advanced against their murderous showers of lead and iron, returning few shots, and reserving their fire. Up to this time the armies had not been much nearer to each other than three hundred yards, unless in some few instances. The wood was soon cleared at the point of the bayonet, our men discharging their pieces at twenty and even five yards' distance from the rebels, and then dashing at them with the bayonet. The rebels fought well, however. They contested the ground foot by foot, and marked every yard of it with blood. Retiring behind their stone wall on the ridge, our men jumped over after them, and drove them along in the greatest confusion and with fearful slaughter upon their centre. The panic communicated. Kimball ordered a charge along the whole line, and for a short time the fighting was most desperate. The roar of the cannon was no longer heard, unless in occasional bursts of fitful explosions, and the rattle of musketry was more boisterous than ever, and sounded like the noise made by a very close thunder-clap, except that it was sharper and continuous. The rout of the rebels had fairly commenced, however, and two of their guns and four caissons were now ours, and though many of them turned and fired again and again at our pursuing host, many more threw away muskets and bayonets without hesitation. Darkness and the extreme fatigue of our troops, however, saved the enemy for the time, and we retired about two miles, and bivouacked till next morning. At daybreak General Shields ordered the rebel position to be attacked, and the enemy, after replying by a few shots from his artillery, continued his retreat. Meantime General Banks, who had been at Harper's Ferry, arrived, and taking command of the troops in person, continued the pursuit with about 10,000 men beyond Strasburg, cutting off many stragglers, and pressing the enemy very sorely.

Our artist thus describes his picture:

The rebel position was a parallelogram, inclosed by a stone wall on two sides and a rail fence and thicket of trees on the other. In the picture the front of the wall is seen crossing the ground from right to left, the thicket being visible in the distance on the rise. In front of this wall our troops had to advance across a field of wheat for 400 yards, exposed to a galling fire, but with invincible courage they carried it, the rebels retreating in a panic as soon as the wall was reached.

One or two was bayoneted, and there was a fist-fight for a moment between one of them and a soldier of the Union force—the rest fled in confusion, hotly pursued by Tyler's brigade; and two guns, hitherto masked, opened upon our men from a small clump of trees seen in the centre of the lot. These were quickly captured by a brave few, headed by Major Schreiber, of Banks's staff, and then the rout was complete, night only saving the rebels from the fierce pursuit to which they were subjected. Most of the men killed at the stone wall were shot in the head, some of the bullets passing through two men before their work of death was over. The precision of the Union men's fire was unprecedented in the annals of modern warfare.

General James Shields, of the United States Volunteers, the hero of the battle, is a native of Ireland, but a citizen of Illinois, where he lived for many years. At the outbreak of the Mexican War he offered his services to the Government, and rose to the rank of Brigadier-General of Volunteers. He accompanied General Scott on his expedition, and for gallant and meritorious conduct at Cerro Gordo was breveted Major-General of Volunteers. In the Valley of Mexico he commanded a brigade in which the New York and the South Carolina regiments fought side by side. He was severely wounded at the Battle of Chapultepec. After the war General Shields retired into private life; but in 1849 he was elected Senator from Illinois, and filled the post till 1855. He then removed to California, where he was residing when the rebellion broke out. He was offered service in the army and instantly accepted it, and now commands the division which was led by the late General Lander.

The following letter from General Shields, to a friend in Washington, gives the General's informal account of the battle of Winchester:

Head-quarters General Shields's Division,
Winchester, Virginia, *March 26*, 1862.

I will give you a brief account of our late operations. My reconnoissance beyond Strasburg, on the 18th and 19th inst., discovered Jackson reinforced, in a strong position, near New Market, within supporting distance of the main body of the rebels under Johnston. It was necessary to decoy him from that position. Therefore I fell back rapidly to Winchester on the 20th, as if in retreat, marching my whole command nearly thirty miles in one day. My force was placed at night in a secluded position, two miles from Winchester, on the Martinsburg road. On the 21st the rebel cavalry, under Ashby, showed themselves to our pickets, within sight of Winchester.

On the 22d all of General Banks's command, with the exception of my division, evacuated Winchester, *en route* for Centreville. This movement and the masked position of my division made an impression upon the inhabitants, some of whom were in secret communication with the enemy, that our army had left, and that nothing remained but a few regiments to garrison this place. Jackson was signalized to this effect. I saw their signals and divined their meaning. About five o'clock on the afternoon of the 22d Ashby, believing that the town was almost evacuated, attacked our pickets and drove them in. This success increased his delusion. It became necessary, however, to repulse them for the time being. I therefore ordered forward a brigade, and placed it in front, between Winchester and the enemy. I only let them see, however, two regiments of infantry, two batteries of artillery, and a small force of cavalry, which he mistook as the whole force left to garrison and protect the place.

In a little skirmish that evening, while placing the artillery in position, I was struck by a fragment of a shell, which broke my arm above the elbow, injured my shoulder, and damaged me otherwise to such an extent that I have lain prostrate ever since. I commenced making preparations for any emergency that might occur that night or the next morning. Under cover of the night I ordered an entire brigade (Kimball's) to take up a strong position in advance. I pushed forward four batteries, having them placed in a strong position to support the infantry. I placed Sullivan's brigade on both flanks, to prevent surprise, and to keep my flanks from being turned; and I held Tyler's brigade in reserve, to operate against any point that might be assailed in front. In this position I awaited and expected the enemy's attack next morning. My advance brigade was two miles from the town, its pickets extending perhaps a mile farther along the turnpike leading to Strasburg.

About eight o'clock in the morning I sent forward two experienced officers to reconnoitre the front and report indications of the enemy. They returned in an hour, reporting no enemy in sight except Ashby's force of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, which by this time had become familiar and contemptible to us. General Banks, who was yet here in person, upon hearing this report, concluded that Jackson could not be in front possibly, or be decoyed away so far from the main body of the rebel army. In this opinion I, too, began to concur, concluding that Jackson was too sagacious to be caught in such a trap. General Banks therefore left for Washington. His Staff officers were directed to follow the same day, by way of Centreville. Knowing the crafty enemy, however, I had to deal with I omitted no precaution. My whole force was concentrated, and prepared to support Kimball's brigade, which was in advance.

About half past ten o'clock it became evident we had a considerable force before us; but the enemy still concealed himself so adroitly in the woods that it was impossible to estimate it. I ordered a portion of the artillery forward, to open fire and unmask them. By degrees they began to show themselves. They planted battery after battery in strong position, on the centre and on both flanks. Our artillery responded, and this continued until about half past three o'clock in the afternoon, when I directed a column of infantry to carry a battery on their left flank and to assail that flank, which was done promptly and splendidly by Tyler's brigade, aided by some regiments from the other brigades. The fire of our infantry was so close and destructive that it made havoc in their ranks. The result was the capture of their guns on the left and the forcing back of their wing on the centre, thus placing them in a position to be routed by a general attack, which was made about five o'clock by all the infantry, and succeeded in driving them in flight from the field.

Night fell upon us at this stage, leaving us in possession of the field of battle, two guns, and four caissons, three hundred prisoners, and about one thousand stand of small-arms. Our killed in this engagement can not exceed one hundred men, wounded two hundred and thirty-three. The enemy's killed and wounded exceed one thousand. The inhabitants of the adjacent villages carried them to their houses as they were removed from the field of battle. Houses between the battle-field and Strasburg, and even far beyond, have since been found filled with the dead and dying of the enemy. Graves have been discovered far removed from the road, where the inhabitants of the country buried them as they died.

General Banks, in his pursuit of the enemy beyond Strasburg afterward, found houses on the road twenty-two miles from the battle-field filled in this manner, and presenting the most ghastly spectacle. The havoc made in the ranks of the rebels has struck this whole region of country with terror. Such a blow had never fallen on them before, and it is more crushing because wholly unexpected. Jackson and his stone-wall brigade, and all the other brigades accompanying him, will never meet this division again in battle.

GENERAL POPE'S ARMY AT NEW MADRID.

We devote page 228 to illustrations of General Pope's Army at New Madrid, together with a portrait of General Pope—the whole from drawings by our special artist, Mr. Alexander Simplot.

General John Pope was born in Kentucky, about the year 1822. He entered the Military Academy at West Point in 1838, and graduated in 1842 as Second-Lieutenant of Topographical Engineers. He was in the Mexican war, and at Monterey so distinguished himself that he obtained his First-Lieutenancy. Again at Buena Vista he won laurels and the brevet rank of Captain. He was still a Captain when the rebellion broke out, and was one of the officers appointed by the War Department to escort President Lincoln to Washington. He was loyal, and was soon after the inauguration appointed to a command in the Northwest. For some time he served gallantly in Northern Missouri, under Generals Frémont and Hunter. General Halleck gave him command of a separate expedition in December. He started from Commerce, Missouri, with a well-appointed command of some 12,000 men, and marched over to New Madrid, then occupied by the rebels. He took the place, now holds it, and has erected batteries all along the west bank of the river for fifteen miles.

The following extract from his official report will serve to explain our illustrations:

I arrived before New Madrid with the forces under my command on Monday, the 3d inst. I found the place occupied by five regiments of infantry and several companies of artillery. One bastioned earth-work, mounting fourteen heavy guns, about half a mile below the town, and another irregular work at the upper end of the town, mounting seven pieces of heavy artillery, together with lines of intrenchments between them, constituted the defensive works. Six gun-boats, carrying from four to eight heavy guns each, were anchored along the shore, between the upper and lower redoubts.

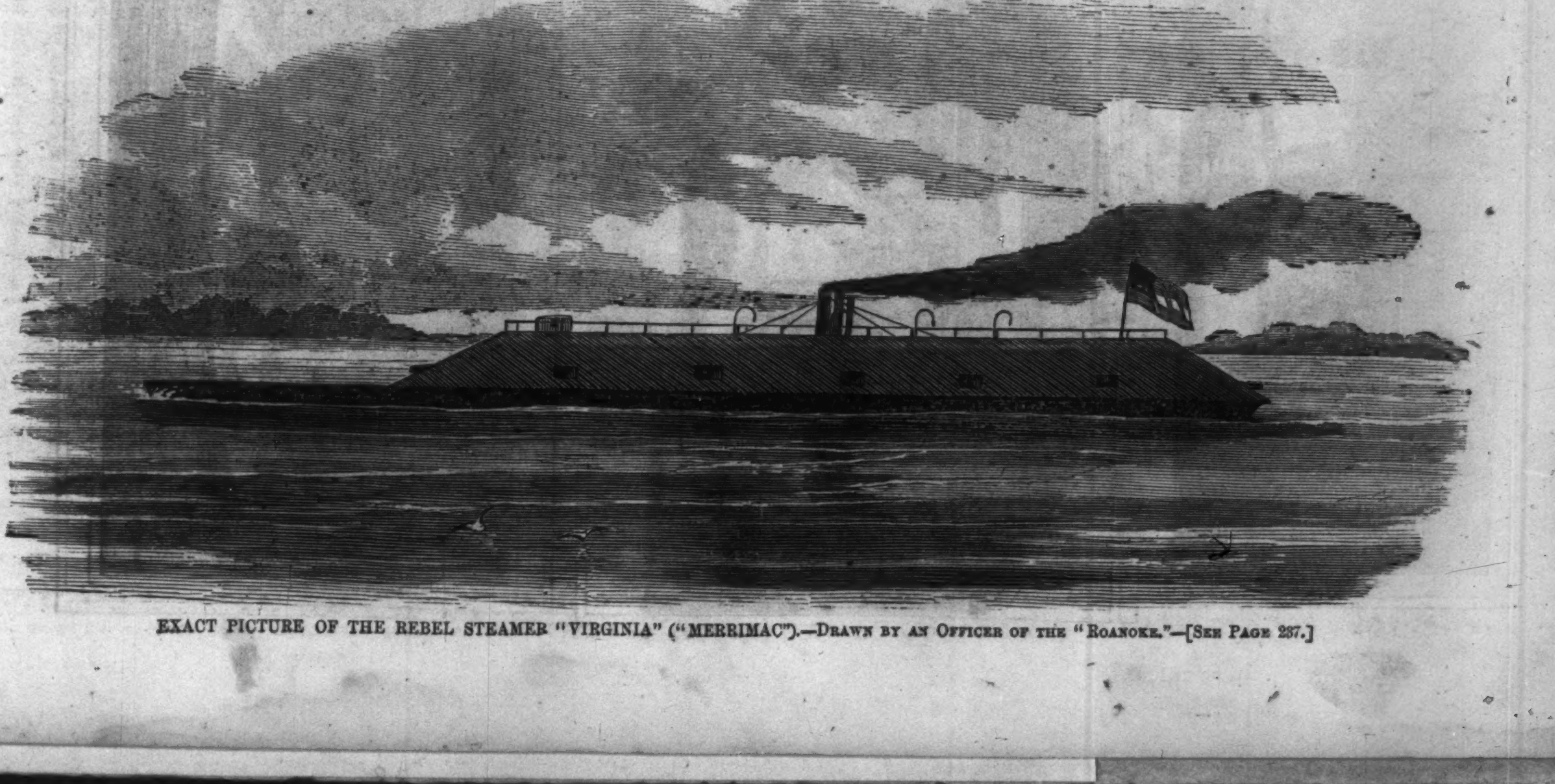
The country is perfectly level for miles around the place, and as the river was so high that the guns of the gun-boats looked directly over the banks, the approaches to the town for several miles were commanded by direct and cross fire from at least sixty guns of heavy calibre.

As soon as I found that it would be necessary to await the arrival of our heavy guns, I determined to occupy some point on the river below, and establish our small guns, if possible, in such position as to blockade the river so far as transports were concerned, and to cut off supplies and reinforcements for the enemy from below.

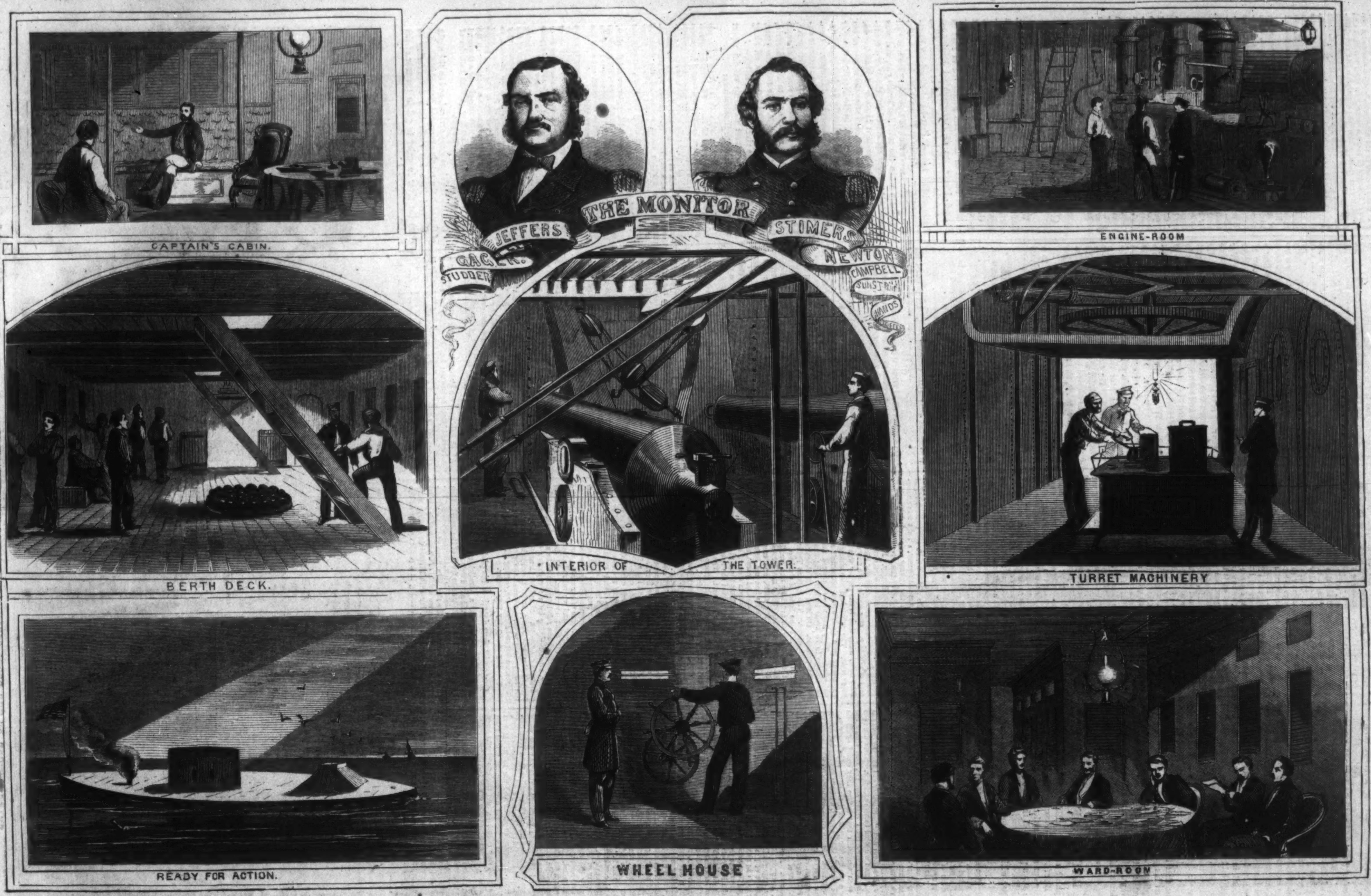
Point Pleasant, twelve miles below, was selected as being a rich agricultural region, and being the terminus of the plank-road from the interior of Arkansas. I accordingly threw forward Colonel Plummer, Eleventh Missouri, to that point, with three regiments of infantry, three companies of cavalry, and a field battery of 10-pound Parrott and rifled guns, with orders to make a lodgment on the river bank, to line the banks with rifle-pits for a thousand men, and to establish his artillery in sunk batteries of single pieces between the rifle-pits.

On 11th the siege guns arrived, and on the night of the 13th the rebels evacuated New Madrid.

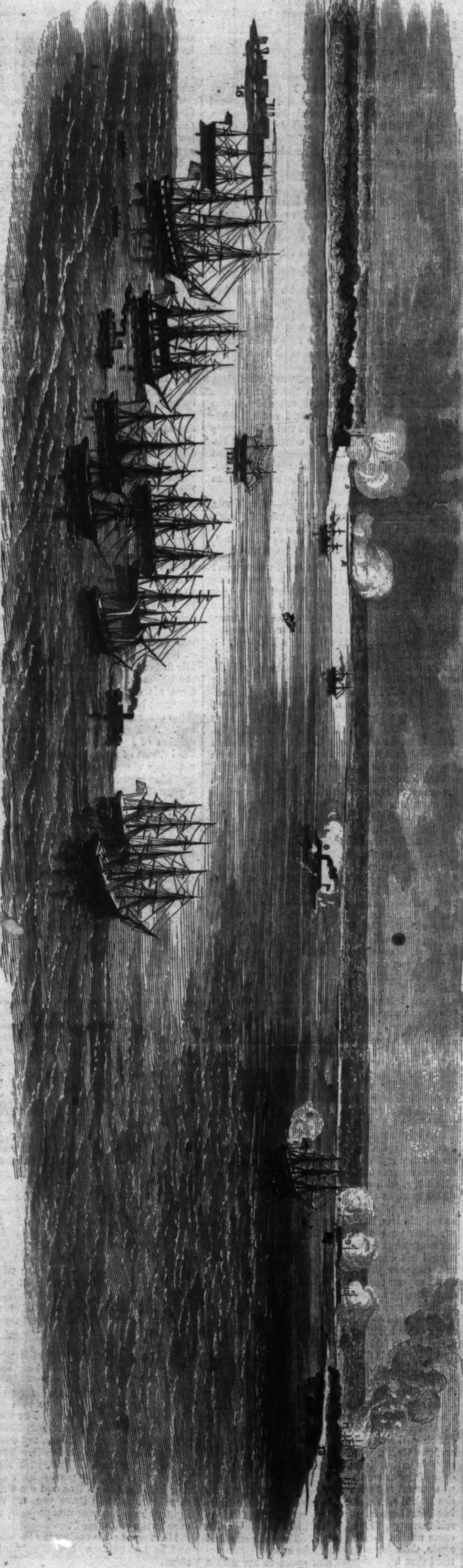
General Pope has since been endeavoring to cross the river in order to get in the rear of the rebels.



EXACT PICTURE OF THE REBEL STEAMER "VIRGINIA" ("MERRIMAC").—Drawn by an Officer of the "Roanoke."—[See Page 237.]


CAPTAIN'S CABIN.
THE MONITOR
JEFFERS
GAGER.
STUDDER
STIMERS
NEWTON
CAMPBELL
HANDS
ENGINE-ROOM
BERTH DECK.
INTERIOR OF THE TOWER.
TURRET MACHINERY
READY FOR ACTION.
WHEEL HOUSE
WARD-ROOM

THE "MONITOR" AS SHE IS—INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 237.]



1. Sewall's Point Battery, 30 Guns.—2. Craney Island Battery, 42 Guns.—3. Yorktown.—4. Jamestown.—5. Monitor.—6. Merrimac.—7. Large Rebel Camp.—8. Minnesota aground.—9. Pig Point Battery.—10. Barrel Point Battery.—11. Burning of the Congress.—12. The Cumberland sunk.—13. Newport News Point and Camp.—14. St. Lawrence.—15. Roanoke.—16. Rip Raps.—17. French Man-of-War.—18. Whitehall.

THE BATTLE BETWEEN THE "MONITOR" AND THE "MERRIMAC," IN HAMPTON ROADS, MARCH 9, 1862.—[DRAWN BY SERGEANT CHARLES WORRET, TWENTIETH REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS.]

THE FIGHT AT HAMPTON ROADS OF MARCH 9.

FOR future reference we publish on this page a picture of the BATTLE OF HAMPTON ROADS between the *Monitor* and the *Merrimac*, from a sketch made at the time by Sergeant Worret, of the Topographical Engineers. This sketch was taken at the time the fight was going on, and is accurate in every particular. As a faithful representation of the most remarkable naval fight of modern times, we think our readers will be glad to see it.

On the preceding page we give a page of views of the INTERIOR OF THE "MONITOR," from sketches drawn by our special artist, Mr. Theodore R. Davis. They will be seen with pleasure every where. They were shown by Mr. Davis to the officers of the *Monitor*, and approved by them.

We likewise give, on page 235, an exact picture of the *Merrimac*, drawn very carefully by an officer of the *Roanoke*. It will be seen that the picture differs somewhat from those heretofore published. The beak or prow is not seen, being under water.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER IX.

THREE months passed. During that time Frank remained in London, pursuing his new duties, and writing occasionally to report himself to Mr. Vanstone, as he had promised.

His letters were not enthusiastic on the subject of mercantile occupations. He described himself as being still painfully loose in his figures. He was also more firmly persuaded than ever—now when it was unfortunately too late—that he preferred engineering to trade. In spite of this conviction; in spite of headaches, caused by sitting on a high stool and stooping over ledgers in unwholesome air; in spite of want of society, and hasty breakfasts, and bad dinners at chop-houses, his attendance at the office was regular, and his diligence at the desk unremitting. The head of the department in which he was working might be referred to, if any corroboration of this statement was desired. Such was the general tenor of the letters, and Frank's correspondent and Frank's father differed over them as widely as usual. Mr. Vanstone accepted them, as proofs of the steady development of industrious principles in the writer. Mr. Clare took his own characteristically opposite view. "These London men," said the philosopher, "are not to be trifled with by louts. They have got Frank by the scruff of the neck—he can't wriggle himself free—and he makes a merit of yielding to sheer necessity."

The three months' interval of Frank's probation in London passed less cheerfully than usual in the household at Combe-Raven.

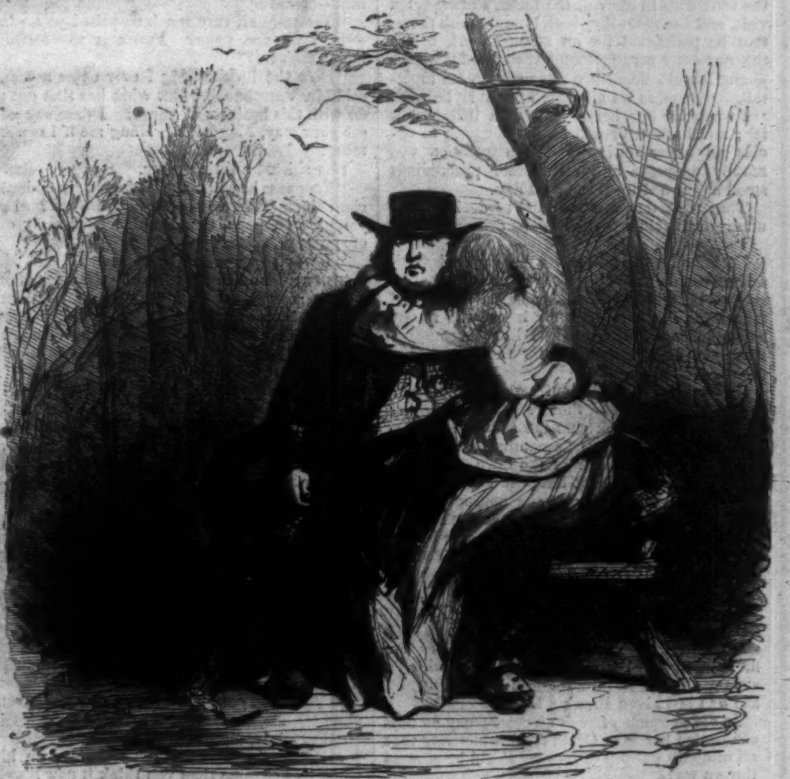
As the summer came nearer and nearer, Mrs. Vanstone's spirits, in spite of her resolute efforts to control them, became more and more depressed. "I do my best," she said to Miss Garth; "I set an example of cheerfulness to my husband and my children; but I dread July." Norah's secret misgivings on her sister's account rendered her more than usually serious and uncommunicative as the year advanced.

Even Mr. Vanstone, when July drew nearer, lost something of his elasticity of spirit. He kept up appearances in his wife's presence, but on all other occasions there was now a perceptible shade of sadness in his look and manner. Magdalen was so changed since Frank's departure that she helped the general depression instead of relieving it. All her movements had grown languid; all her usual occupations were pursued with the same weary indifference; she spent hours alone in her own room; she lost her interest in being brightly and prettily dressed; her eyes were heavy, her nerves were irritable, her complexion was altered visibly for the worse—in one word, she had become an oppression and a weariness to herself and to all about her. Stoutly as Miss Garth contended with these growing domestic difficulties, her own spirits suffered in the effort. Her memory reverted oftener and oftener to the March morning when the master and mistress of the house had departed for London, and when the first serious change for many a year past had stolen over the family atmosphere. When was that atmosphere to be clear again? When were the clouds of change to pass off before the returning sunshine of past and happier times?

The spring and the early summer wore away. The dreaded month of July came, with its airless nights, its cloudless mornings, and its sultry days.

On the fifteenth of the month an event happened which took every one but Norah by surprise. For the second time, without the slightest apparent reason—for the second time, without a word of warning beforehand—Frank suddenly reappeared at his father's cottage!

Mr. Clare's lips opened to hail his son's return, in the old character of the "bad shilling;" and closed again without uttering a word. There was a portentous composure in Frank's manner which showed that he had other news to communicate than the news of his dismissal. He



"HE MIGHT MARRY ME."

answered his father's sardonic look of inquiry by at once explaining that a very important proposal for his future benefit had been made to him that morning at the office. His first idea had been to communicate the details in writing; but the partners had, on reflection, thought that the necessary decision might be more readily obtained by a personal interview with his father and his friends. He had laid aside the pen accordingly, and had resigned himself to the railway on the spot.

After this preliminary statement, Frank proceeded to describe the proposal which his employers had addressed to him, with every external appearance of viewing it in the light of an intolerable hardship.

The great firm in the City had obviously made a discovery in relation to their clerk, exactly similar to the discovery which had formerly forced itself on the engineer in relation to his pupil. The young man, as they politely phrased it, stood in need of some special stimulant to stir him up. His employers (acting under a sense of their obligation to the gentleman by whom Frank had been recommended) had considered the question carefully, and had decided that the one promising use to which they could put Mr. Francis Clare was to send him forthwith into another quarter of the globe.

As a consequence of this decision, it was now, therefore, proposed that he should enter the house of their correspondents in China; that he should remain there, familiarizing himself thoroughly on the spot with the tea-trade and the silk-trade for five years; and that he should return, at the expiration of this period, to the central establishment in London. If he made a fair use of his opportunities in China, he would come back, while still a young man, fit for a position of trust and emolument, and justified in looking forward at no distant date to a time when the House would assist him to start in business for himself. Such were the new prospects which—to adopt Mr. Clare's theory—now forced themselves on the ever-reluctant, ever-helpless, and ever-ungrateful Frank. There was no time to be lost. The final answer was to be at the office on "Monday, the twentieth;" the correspondents in China were to be written to by the mail on that day, and Frank was to follow the letter by the next opportunity, or to resign his chance in favor of some more enterprising young man.

Mr. Clare's reception of this extraordinary news was startling in the extreme. The glorious prospect of his son's banishment to China appeared to turn his brain. The firm pedestal of his philosophy sank under him; the prejudices of society recovered their hold on his mind. He seized Frank by the arm, and actually accompanied him to Combe-Raven in the amazing character of a visitor to the house!

"Here I am with my lout," said Mr. Clare, before a word could be uttered by the astonished family. "Hear his story all of you. It has reconciled me, for the first time in my life, to the anomaly of his existence." Frank ruefully narrated the Chinese proposal for the second time, and attempted to attach to it his own supplementary statement of objections and difficulties. His father stopped him at the first word, pointed peremptorily southeastward (from Somersetshire to China), and said, without an instant's hesitation, "Go!" Mr. Vanstone, basking in golden visions of his young friend's future, echoed that monosyllabic decision with all his heart. Mrs. Vanstone, Miss Garth, even Norah herself, spoke to the same purpose. Frank was petrified by an absolute unanimity of opinion which he had not anticipated; and Magdalen was caught, for once in her life, at the end of all her resources.

So far as practical results were concerned, the sitting of the family council began and ended with the general opinion that Frank must go. Mr. Vanstone's faculties were so bewildered by the son's sudden arrival, the father's unexpected visit, and the news they both brought with them, that he petitioned for an adjournment, before the necessary arrangements connected with his young friend's departure were considered in detail. "Suppose we all sleep upon it?" he said. "To-morrow our heads will feel a little steadier; and to-morrow will be time enough to decide all uncertainties." This suggestion was readily adopted, and all further proceedings stood adjourned until the next day.

That next day was destined to decide more uncertainties than Mr. Vanstone dreamed of.

Early in the morning, after making tea by herself as usual, Miss Garth took her parasol, and strolled into the garden. She had slept ill; and ten minutes in the open air before the family assembled at breakfast might help to compensate her, as she thought, for the loss of her night's rest.

She wandered to the outermost boundary of the flower-garden, and then returned by another path, which led back past the side of an ornamental summer-house commanding a view over the fields from a corner of the lawn. A slight noise—like, and yet not like, the chirruping of a bird—caught her ear as she approached the side of the summer-house. She stepped round to the entrance, looked in, and discovered Magdalen and Frank seated close together. To Miss Garth's horror, Magdalen's arm was unmistakably round Frank's neck; and, worse still, the position of her face at the moment of discovery showed, beyond all doubt, that she had just been offering to the victim of Chinese commerce the first and foremost of all the consolations which a woman can bestow on a man. In plainer words, she had just given Frank a kiss.

In the presence of such an emergency as now confronted her Miss Garth felt instinctively that all ordinary phrases of reproof would be phrases thrown way.

"I presume," she remarked, addressing Magdalen with the merciless self-possession of a middle-aged lady, unprovided for the occasion with any kissing remembrances of her own—"I presume (whatever excuses your effrontery may suggest) you will not deny that my duty compels me to mention what I have just seen to your father?"

"I will save you the trouble," replied Magdalen, composedly. "I will mention it to him myself."

With those words she looked round at Frank, standing trebly helpless in a corner of the summer-house. "You shall hear what happens," she said, with her bright smile. "And so shall you," she added for Miss Garth's especial benefit, as she sauntered past the governess on her way back to the breakfast-table. The eyes of Miss Garth followed her indignantly; and Frank slipped out, on his side, at that favorable opportunity.

Under these circumstances, there was but one course that any respectable woman could take—she could only shudder. Miss Garth registered her protest in that form, and then returned to the house.

When breakfast was over, and when Mr. Vanstone's hand descended to his pocket in search of his cigar-case, Magdalen rose, looked significantly at Miss Garth, and followed her father into the hall.

"Papa," she said, "I want to speak to you this morning—in private."

"Ay! ay!" returned Mr. Vanstone. "What about, my dear?"

"About—" Magdalen hesitated, searched for a satisfactory form of expression, and found it. "About business, papa," she said.

Mr. Vanstone took his garden hat from the hall-table—opened his eyes in mute perplexity—attempted to associate in his mind the two extravagantly dissimilar ideas of Magdalen and "business"—failed—and led the way resignedly into the garden.

His daughter took his arm, and walked with him to a shady seat at a convenient distance from the house. She dusted the seat with her smart silk apron before her father occupied it. Mr. Vanstone was not accustomed to such an extraordinary act of attention as this. He sat down, looking more puzzled than ever. Magdalen immediately placed herself on his knee, and rested her head comfortably on his shoulder.

"Am I heavy, papa?" she asked.

"Yes, my dear, you are," said Mr. Vanstone, "but not too heavy for *me*. Stop on your perch, if you like it. Well? And what may this business happen to be?"

"It begins with a question."

"Ah, indeed? That doesn't surprise me. Business with your sex, my dear, always begins with questions. Go on."

"Papa, do you ever intend allowing me to be married?"

Mr. Vanstone's eyes opened wider and wider. The question, to use his own phrase, completely staggered him.

"This is business with a vengeance!" he said. "Why, Magdalen: what have you got in that harum-scarum head of yours now?"

"I don't exactly know, papa. Will you answer my question?"

"I will if I can, my dear; you rather stagger me. Well, I don't know. Yes; I suppose I must let you be married one of these days—if we can find a good husband for you. How hot your face is! Lift it up, and let the air blow over it. You won't? Well—have your own way. If talking of business means tickling your cheek against my whisker, I've nothing to say against it. Go on, my dear. What's the next question? Come to the point!"

She was far too genuine a woman to do any thing of the sort. She skirted round the point, and calculated her distance to the nicety of a hair's-breadth.

"We were all very much surprised yesterday—were we not, papa? Frank is wonderfully lucky, isn't he?"

"He's the luckiest dog I ever came across," said Mr. Vanstone. "But what has that got to do with this business of yours? I dare say you see your way, Magdalen. Hang me if I can see mine!"

She skirted a little nearer.

"I suppose he will make his fortune in China?" she said. "It's a long way off, isn't it? Did you observe, papa, that Frank looked sadly out of spirits yesterday?"

"I was so surprised by the news," said Mr. Vanstone, "and so staggered by the sight of old Clare's sharp nose in my house, that I didn't much notice. Now you remind me of it—yes. I don't think Frank took kindly to his own good luck; not kindly at all."

"Do you wonder at that, papa?"

"Yes, my dear; I do, rather."

"Don't you think it's hard to be sent away for five years, to make your fortune among hateful savages, and lose sight of your friends at home for all that long time? Don't you think Frank will miss *us* sadly? Don't you, papa?—don't you?"

"Gently, Magdalen! I'm a little too old for those long arms of yours to throttle me in fun.—You're right, my love. Nothing in this world without a drawback. Frank *will* miss his friends in England; there's no denying that."

"You always liked Frank. And Frank always liked you."

"Yes, yes—a good fellow; a quiet, good fellow. Frank and I have always got on smoothly together."

"You have got on like father and son, haven't you?"

"Certainly, my dear."

"Perhaps you will think it harder on him when he has gone than you think it now?"

"Likely enough, Magdalen; I don't say no."

"Perhaps you will wish he had stopped in England? Why shouldn't he stop in England, and do as well as if he went to China?"

"My dear, he has no prospects in England. I wish he had, for his own sake. I wish the lad well, with all my heart."

"May I wish him well too, papa—with all *my* heart?"

"Certainly, my love—your old play-fellow—why not? What's the matter? God bless my soul, what is the girl crying about? One would think Frank was transported for life. You goose! You know, as well as I do, he is going to China to make his fortune."

"He doesn't want to make his fortune—he might do much better."

"The deuce he might! How, I should like to know?"

"I'm afraid to tell you. I'm afraid you'll laugh at me. Will you promise not to laugh at me?"

"Any thing to please you, my dear. Yes; I promise. Now then, out with it! How might Frank do better?"

"He might marry Me."

If the summer scene which then spread before Mr. Vanstone's eyes had suddenly changed to a dreary winter view—if the trees had lost all their leaves, and the green fields had turned white with snow, in an instant, his face could hardly have expressed greater amazement than it displayed when his daughter's faltering voice spoke those four last words. He tried to look at her, but she steadily refused him the opportunity: she kept her face hidden over his shoulder. Was she in earnest? His cheek, still wet with her tears, answered for her. There was a long pause of silence; she waited—with unaccustomed patience, she waited for him to speak. He roused himself, and spoke these words only: "You surprise me, Magdalen; you surprise me more than I can say."

At the altered tone of his voice—altered to a quiet, fatherly seriousness—Magdalen's arms clung round him closer than before.

"Have I disappointed you, papa?" she asked, faintly. "Don't say I have disappointed you! Who am I to tell my secret to, if not to you? Don't let him go—don't! don't! You will break his heart. He is afraid to tell his father; he is even afraid *you* might be angry with him. There is nobody to speak for us, except—except me. Oh, don't let him go! Don't for his sake—" she whispered the next words in a kiss—"don't for Mine!"

Her father's kind face saddened; he sighed, and patted her fair head tenderly. "Hush, my love," he said, almost in a whisper; "hush!" She little knew what a revelation every word, every action that escaped her, now opened before him. She had made him her grown-up play-fellow from her childhood to that day. She had romped with him in her frocks, she had gone on romping with him in her gowns. He had never been long enough separated from her to have the external changes in his daughter forced on his attention. His artless, fatherly experience of her had taught him that she was a taller child in later years, and had taught him little more. And now, in one breathless instant, the conviction that she was a woman rushed over his mind. He felt it in the trouble of her bosom pressed against his; in the nervous thrill of her arms clasped round his neck. The Magdalen of his innocent experience a woman—with the master-passion of her sex in possession of her heart already!

"Have you thought long of this, my dear?" he asked, as soon as he could speak composedly.

"Are you sure—?"

She answered the question before he could finish it.

"Sure I love him?" she said. "Oh, what words can say Yes for me as I want to say it! I love him—!" Her voice faltered softly, and her answer ended in a sigh.

"You are very young. You and Frank, my love, are both very young."

She raised her head from his shoulder for the first time. The thought and its expression flashed from her at the same moment.

"Are we much younger than you and mamma were?" she asked, smiling through her tears.

She tried to lay her head back in its old position, but as she spoke those words her father caught her round the waist—forced her, before she was aware of it, to look him in the face—and kissed her, with a sudden outburst of tenderness which brought the tears thronging back thickly into her eyes. "Not much younger, my child," he said, in low, broken tones—"not much younger than your mother and I were." He put her away from him, and rose from the seat, and turned his head aside quickly. "Wait here, and compose yourself; I will go indoors and speak to your mother." His voice trembled over those parting words, and he left her without once looking round again.

She waited—waited a weary time; and he never came back. At last her growing anxiety urged her to follow him into the house. A new timidity throbbed in her heart as she doubtingly approached the door. Never had she seen the depths of her father's simple nature stirred as they had been stirred by her confession. She almost dreaded her next meeting with him. She wandered softly to and fro in the hall, with a shyness unaccountable to herself—with a terror of being discovered and spoken to by her sister or Miss Garth, which made her nervously susceptible to the slightest noises in the house. The door of the morning-room opened while her back was turned toward it. She started violently as she looked round and saw her father in the hall; her heart beat faster and faster, and she felt herself turning pale. A second look at him, as he came nearer, reassured her. He was composed again, though not so cheerful as usual. She noticed that he advanced and spoke to her with a forbearing gentleness, which was more like his manner to her mother than his ordinary manner to herself.

"Go in, my love," he said, opening the door for her which he had just closed. "Tell your mother all you have told me—and more, if you have more to say. She is better prepared for you than I was. We will take to-day to think of it, Magdalen; and to-morrow you shall know, and Frank shall know, what we decide."

Her eyes brightened as they looked into his face and saw the decision there already, with the double penetration of her womanhood and her love. Happy, and beautiful in her happiness, she put his hand to her lips, and went without hesitation into the morning-room. There her father's words had smoothed the way for her: there the first shock of the surprise was past and over, and only the pleasure of it remained. Her mother had been her age once; her mother would know how fond she was of Frank. So the coming interview was anticipated in her thoughts; and—except that there was an unaccountable appearance of restraint in Mrs. Vanstone's first reception of her—was anticipated aright. After a little the mother's questions came more and more unreservedly from the sweet, unforgotten experience of the mother's heart: she lived again through her own young days of hope and love in Magdalen's replies.

The next morning the all-important decision was announced in words. Mr. Vanstone took his daughter up stairs into her mother's room, and there placed before her the result of the yesterday's consultation, and of the night's reflection which had followed it. He spoke with perfect kindness and self-possession of manner, but in fewer and more serious words than usual; and he held his wife's hand tenderly in his own all through the interview.

He informed Magdalen that neither he nor her mother felt themselves justified in blaming her attachment to Frank. It had been, in part perhaps, the natural consequence of her childish familiarity with him; in part, also, the result of the closer intimacy between them which the theatrical entertainment had necessarily produced. At the same time, it was now the duty of her parents to put that attachment, on both sides, to a proper test—for her sake, because her happy future was their dearest care; for Frank's sake, because they were bound to give him the opportunity of showing himself worthy of the trust confided in him. They were both conscious of being strongly prejudiced in Frank's favor. His father's eccentric conduct had made the lad the object of their compassion and their care from his earliest years: he (and his younger brothers) had almost filled the places to them of those other children of their own whom they had lost. Although they firmly believed their good opinion of Frank to be well founded—still, in the interest of their daughter's happiness, it was necessary to put that opinion firmly to the proof, by fixing certain conditions, and by interposing a year of delay between the contemplated marriage and the present time.

During that year Frank was to remain at the office in London; his employers being informed beforehand that family circumstances prevented his accepting their offer of employment in China. He was to consider this concession as a recognition of the attachment between Magdalen and himself, on certain terms only. If during the year of probation he failed to justify the confidence placed in him—a confidence which had led Mr. Vanstone to take unreservedly upon himself the whole responsibility of Frank's future prospects—the marriage scheme was to be considered from that moment as at an end. If, on the other hand, the result to which Mr. Vanstone confidently looked forward really occurred—if Frank's probationary year proved his claim to the most precious trust that could be placed in his hands—then Magdalen herself should reward him with all that a woman can bestow; and the future which his present employers had placed before him as the result of a five years' residence in China should be realized in one year's time by the dowry of his young wife.

As her father drew that picture of the future the outburst of Magdalen's gratitude could no longer be restrained. She was deeply touched—she spoke from her inmost heart. Mr. Vanstone waited until his daughter and his wife were composed again; and then added the last words of explanation which were now left for him to speak.

"You understand, my love," he said, "that I am not anticipating Frank's living in idleness on his wife's means? My plan for him is that he should still profit by the interest which his present employers take in him. Their knowledge of affairs in the City will soon place a good partnership at his disposal—and you will give him the money to buy it out of hand. I shall limit the sum, my dear, to half your fortune; and the other half I shall have settled upon yourself. We shall all be alive and hearty, I hope"—he looked tenderly at his wife as he said those words—"all alive and hearty at the year's end. But if I am gone, Magdalen, it will make no difference. My will—made long before I ever thought of having a son-in-law—divides my fortune into two equal parts. One part goes to your mother; and the other part is fairly divided between my children. You will have your share on your wedding-day (and Norah will have hers when she marries) from my own hand, if I live; and under my will if I die. There! there! no gloomy faces," he said, with a momentary return of his everyday good spirits. "Your mother and I mean to live and see Frank a great merchant. I shall leave you, my dear, to enlighten the son on our new projects, while I walk over to the cottage—"

He stopped; his eyebrows contracted a little; and he looked aside, hesitatingly, at Mrs. Vanstone.

"What must you do at the cottage, papa?" asked Magdalen, after having vainly waited for him to finish the sentence of his own accord.

"I must consult Frank's father," he replied. "We must not forget that Mr. Clare's consent is still wanting to settle this matter. And as time presses, and we don't know what difficulties he may not raise, the sooner I see him the better."

He gave that answer in low, altered tones; and rose from his chair in a half-reluctant, half-resigned manner, which Magdalen observed with secret alarm.

She glanced inquiringly at her mother. To all appearance Mrs. Vanstone had been alarmed by the change in him also. She looked anxious and uneasy; she turned her face away on the sofa pillow—turned it suddenly, as if she was in pain.

"Are you not well, mamma?" asked Magdalen.

"Quite well, my love," said Mrs. Vanstone, shortly and sharply, without turning round. "Leave me a little—I only want rest."

Magdalen went out with her father.

"Papa!" she whispered anxiously, as they descended the stairs. "You don't think Mr. Clare will say No?"

"I can't tell beforehand," answered Mr. Vanstone. "I hope he will say Yes."

"There is no reason why he should say any thing else—is there?"

She put the question faintly, while he was getting his hat and stick; and he did not appear to hear her. Doubting whether she should repeat it or not, she accompanied him as far as the garden, on his way to Mr. Clare's cottage. He stopped her on the lawn, and sent her back to the house.

"You have nothing on your head, my dear," he said. "If you want to be in the garden, don't forget how hot the sun is—don't come out without your hat."

He walked on toward the cottage.

She waited a moment, and looked after him. She missed the customary flourish of his stick; she saw his little Scotch terrier, who had run out at his heels, barking and capering about him unnoticed. He was out of spirits: he was strangely out of spirits. What did it mean?

OMNIBUS AND COUPE.

WE were school-fellows once, Madame!
In many a struggle we bore the palm;
Our hands were in girlish friendship knit,
Our hearts with unselfish lore were lit.
When we talked of the future we twain were one,
In a common channel our dreams would run,
Of Love as pure as the purest gold,
Of Friendship that never was bought or sold,
Till we floated along on the stream of Time
Fast linked together as rhyme with rhyme.
But I ride in an omnibus down Broadway,
While you dash by in your grand coupé.

You married, I hear, a millionaire,
Your house is fine and your jewels are rare;
Misty with lace or rich with shawls,
You lounge through concerts or float through balls.
When men address you, they speak in tune;
To hold your fan is a precious boon;
And it seems as if Nature was half unkind
That it does not perfume the very wind
That blows about you, and soften down
To music the roar of the noisy town.
But I am not envious to see you gay,
And happy, and rich, in your grand coupé.

I married Charlie, your husband's clerk,
Whose life was duty, honor, and work.
And we somehow contrived, in our humble way,
To be very happy, and free, and gay;
For my husband was honest, and brave, and kind,
With a delicate heart and a cultured mind;
And the gifts he gave me, though few and cheap,
Were set in a frame-work rich and deep—
A frame-work of Love that never grows old,
But was clear as diamond and solid as gold:
So I do not envy in any way
Your wealthy husband or grand coupé.

Your husband every day, Madame,
Drives down to business well-dressed and calm;
But my Charlie is off where the muskets shine,
And the picket stretches its sleepless line,
And the sullen ring of the distant gun
Tells of a battery lost and won.
It was hard to part while our love was new,
But the country called him—what could I do?
So I kissed his lips, and I bade him go,
And strike for our banner one hearty blow;
And I'm prouder of him, in his honest gray,
Than you of your husband and grand coupé.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Our Speciality!

The following Goods, of our own Importation or Manufacture, we offer in Quantities as desired:

250 Tons of SODA ASH, different brands and tests. 3000 Kegs of Newcastle BI CARB. SODA, H. & E. and J. C. do. CREAM TARTAR, crystals or pulv., *perfectly pure.* TARTARIC ACID, in 25 and 50 pound boxes. SALÆRATUS, every style of label, package, or quality. 150 Tons of Newcastle, or Domestic SAL SODA. CONCENTRATED LYE, *Pittsburgh,* 1 pound cans. CAUSTIC SODA, 100 Tons in iron 5 cwt. packages. SOAP POWDER. Prepared POT ASH. Also the Celebrated EXCELSIOR YEAST POWDER. Send an order to
THOMAS ANDREWS & CO.,
For 12 years at 136 and 138 Cedar Street, New York.

Look

In Harper's Weekly of April 5th, No. 275, page 223, and notice that the name of the firm of W. Forsyth & Co. is changed to J. H. Winslow & Co. All Certificates with the name of W. Forsyth & Co. attached are good, and will be redeemed by us as fast as sent in. Address
Send for Circular. J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
P. O. Box 5029. 208 Broadway, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED.—Ladies will find profitable and pleasant employment in selling our exquisitely illustrated editions of "The Star Spangled Banner," "The American Flag," &c., &c., each accompanied with the music, and in elegantly illuminated covers. Price 25 cents each. Liberal discount to Agents. Send 20 cents in stamps for specimen.
JAMES G. GREGORY, 46 Walker Street, N. Y.

Grand Opening!!!
BRODIE'S
Stock of Spring
and
Summer
MANTILLAS,
Now Ready for Inspection
at his
OLD STAND,
300 Canal Street,
and
His Palace of Fashion,
Under the Fifth Avenue Hotel,
Corner of 23d Street,
New York.

Head-Quarters for Cheap Jewelry.
HEAD-QUARTERS FOR BRACELETS.
HEAD-QUARTERS FOR LOCKETS.
HEAD-QUARTERS FOR RINGS.
HEAD-QUARTERS FOR VEST CHAINS.
HEAD-QUARTERS FOR NECK CHAINS.
HEAD-QUARTERS FOR ALL KINDS OF SETS.
HEAD-QUARTERS FOR ALL KINDS OF PINS.
HEAD-QUARTERS FOR MINIATURE PINS OF ALL THE GENERALS. Enclose stamp for full particulars.
W. A. HAYWARD, MANUFACTURING JEWELER,
208 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

WATCHES.

10,000 for sale, at Wholesale prices. Enclose stamp for descriptive Circular. J. L. Ferguson, 208 Broadway, N.Y.

Useful and Economical.—Hegeman & Co.'s Benzine, which instantly removes Paint, Grease Spots, &c., and cleans Gloves, Ribbons, Silks, &c., equal to new without injury to the most delicate color or fabric, only 25 cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists. Be sure and get the genuine. Prepared by HEGEMAN & CO., N. Y.

WANTED.—I want a good number of men in every State, by the month, or will allow 100 per cent., with exclusive territory. Business of the highest tone. For particulars, address, with stamp enclosed, FREDERICK EMMONS, Box 2552, Boston, Mass. A desirable business for colporteurs and gentlemen wishing to pay their traveling expenses without retarding their journey.

EMPLOYMENT.—Agents Wanted in every Town and County to enter into a respectable and permanent business. For particulars address, with red stamp,
DR. I. H. WARNER,
54 East 12th Street, New York.

THE HOME MELODIST

Contains nearly One Hundred Favorite Songs, which, in another form, costs twice as many dollars, will be sent, *postage free,* on the receipt of *twenty-five cents,* by
DITSON & CO., Boston.

ENTERPRISING AGENTS ARE DOING well selling DOWNER'S PAT. HEMMER and SHIELD for Hand-Sewing, and other new articles of ready sale. Profits are large. Samples sent free on receipt of the price (25c.). Send 3-cent stamp for price-list and terms. A. H. DOWNER, 442 Broadway, N. Y.

Rheumatism.—All those afflicted with *Rheumatism, Gout, Neuralgia, Chilblains, Cold* and *Frost-bitten Feet, and all Nervous Diseases,* by wearing *Mettam & Co.'s Patent Galvano Electro Metallic Insoles,* will find immediate and permanent cure from their use, never having yet failed in hundreds of cases. Office 429 Broadway. Agent for Philadelphia, J. S. SANSON, 2013 Girard Avenue. Send for a Circular.

Every Man his own Printer.
ADAMS PRESS CO., 31 Park Row N. Y.

Catarrh!—GOODALE'S REMEDY for this disease is the first and only one that cures it. Send postage stamp for his Pamphlet, at 612 Broadway, N. Y.

AGENTS MAKE MOST MONEY, and give entire satisfaction, by selling our "PRIZE STATIONERY AND JEWELRY PACKAGES." Circulars free. P. HASKINS & CO., 36 Beekman St., N. Y.

A Certain Cure for Nervous Debility, Neuralgia, &c.

Laurie's Chinese Life Pills.

This wonderful remedy is chiefly composed from the essence of a plant that grows in the tea districts of China, the use of which, as prescribed by learned Chinese physicians as an antidote to the effects of eating opium, &c., was discovered by Dr. Adam Laurie, M.R.C.S., while attached to the French and British Embassies at Hong Kong, and by him introduced into European practice.

These pills take no effect as a cathartic, but act specifically on the blood and nervous centres, are a speedy and infallible remedy for NEURALGIA, TICDOLOREUX, ST. VITUS' DANCE, DYSPEPSIA, LANGUOR, LASSITUDE, DEPRESSION OF SPIRITS, SICK-HEADACHE, IRRITABILITY, EXCITEMENT, and all diseases from impure blood or nervous derangement, and may be taken with entire safety by the most delicate lady or tender child.

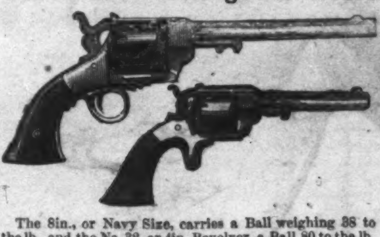
Price One Dollar per box of forty pills, or large boxes of a hundred for Two Dollars. Sent post free, by mail, on receipt of remittance; or obtained personally from
GEO. BULPIN,
General Agent for the United States, 429 Broadway, N. Y.

Is your Life Insured?

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL LIFE INS. CO. OF BOSTON & NEW YORK, ORGANIZED 1843.
CAPITAL, TWO MILLIONS. SURPLUS, ONE MILLION.

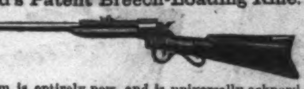
This Co. is strictly for mutual protection, entirely beneficent in all its workings and tendencies. It is the oldest purely Mutual Co. in the United States, and uniformly successful. The Insurance Commissioners class it as the leading Co. in surplus and economy. All over actual cost returned to each insured. Interesting documents mailed free. JOHN HOPPER, Agent for the Co.,
No. 110 Broadway, New York City.

Prescott's Cartridge Revolvers



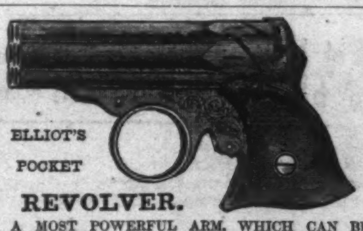
The 8in., or Navy Size, carries a Ball weighing 38 to the lb., and the No. 32, or 4in. Revolver, a Ball 80 to the lb. By recent experiments made in the Army, these Revolvers were pronounced the best and most effective weapons in use. Also,

Ballard's Patent Breech-Loading Rifle.



This arm is entirely new, and is universally acknowledged to be the nearest to perfection of any Breech-Loading Rifle ever made. Length of barrel 24 inches, weight of Rifle 7 pounds. Size of Calibre adapted to Nos. 32, 38, and 44 copper water-proof Cartridges. For particulars call or send for a Circular to
MERWIN & BRAY, Sole Agents,
No. 245 Broadway, N. Y.

To Officers in the Army and Navy.
REVOLVERS!!
Best Cartridge Revolver yet invented, 6in. Barrel, 80 Balls to the pound. Send for Drawing and Circular to
WM. IRVING, 20 Cliff Street, N. Y.



ELLIOT'S
POCKET
REVOLVER.

A MOST POWERFUL ARM, WHICH CAN BE carried constantly about the person without inconvenience or danger. Length four inches, scarcely more than that of the barrels. It is the most compact, safe, and powerful Pocket Revolver ever made; weighs only eight ounces, charged with cartridges, which can be purchased in hardware stores, each barrel rifled, gain twist and sighted. Will penetrate one inch of pine at one hundred and fifty yards. ☞ Send for illustrated Circular.
Retail price, Plated Frame, with 100 cartridges, $10 00
" " Blued Frame, " " " 9 50
Trade supplied. T. W. MOORE, 426 B'way, N. Y.

WEDDINGS supplied with the new style of Marriage Cards and Envelopes, by A. DEMAREST, Engraver, 182 Broadway. Seals and stamps.

Commercial Travelers and Agents Wanted to Sell our
25 Cent Portfolio Package.

Contents—18 Sheets Note Paper, 18 Envelopes, 1 Penholder, 1 Pen, 1 Pencil, 1 Blotting Pad, 100 Recipes, 1 War Hymn, 5 Engravings, 1 New Method for Computing Interest.—2 Fashionable Embroidery Designs for Collars, 4 for Under-Sleeves, 2 for Under-Skirts, 1 for Corner of Handkerchief, 2 for Cuffs, 1 for Silk Purse, 1 for Child's Sack, 1 for Ornamental Pillow Case, 1 Puzzle Garden, and ONE BEAUTIFUL ARTICLE OF JEWELRY. $10 a day can be realized. Send stamp for Circular of wholesale prices.
WEIR & CO., 43 South Third Street, Phila., Pa.

$75 A MONTH!—I WANT TO HIRE AGENTS in every County at $75 per month and expenses, to sell a new and cheap Sewing Machine. Address (with stamp) S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

A New Edition of
Harper's War Map
Now Ready.

Price Six Cents.

Sent by mail on receipt of price.
HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

The New Issue of Postage Stamps, of all denominations, for sale. Apply to
HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

Wedding Cards and Note Papers at
J. EVERDELL'S celebrated Engraving Establishment, 302 Broadway, cor. Duane Street, N. Y. Samples by mail.

GARDINER'S
RHEUMATIC
and
COMPOUND
NEURALGIC
CERTAIN CURE

A sure cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and Salt Rheum. Wholesale Agents F. C. WELLS & CO., 115 Franklin St., New York. Sold by Apothecaries everywhere.

BRONCHITIS and Kindred Diseases, $1 15—Being the results of nearly twenty years' special treatment by Dr. W. W. HALL, Editor of "Hall's Journal of Health," $1 a year, 42 Irving Place, New York.

THE ALBION,
A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER,
Established in 1822,
DEVOTED TO
NEWS, POLITICS, CRITICISM, AND GENERAL LITERATURE.
PRICE $3 PER ANNUM; 6 CENTS PER COPY.
Send for Specimen Copies to the
ALBION OFFICE, 16 Beekman Street, New York.

EMPLOYMENT. A NEW ENTERPRISE. THE FRANKLIN SEWING MACHINE CO. want a number of Agents. A liberal salary and expenses paid, or commission allowed. Address, with stamp, HARRIS BROTHERS, Boston, Mass. *(Clip this out for reference.)*

MEMENTOS OF THE REBELLION.—Seven different Rebel *Notes* and *Shinplasters* sent, post-paid, to any address on receipt of 30 cts. Five each of the seven different *Notes* and *Shinplasters* sent on receipt of $1. Trade supplied at $2 per 100 or $15 per 1000. Address S. C. UPHAM, 403 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

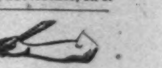
AGENTS, Army Traders, and the Speculating Classes generally. Low priced Watches and cheap Jewelry of the most saleable variety. Price lists sent free. Address HUBBARD BROS., NEW YORK.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!
All Articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Hilton Head, Beaufort, and all places occupied by Union troops, should be sent, at half rates, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

DO YOU WANT LUXURIANT WHISKERS OR MUSTACHES?—My Onguent will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price $1—sent by mail, post free, to any address, on receipt of an order. R. G. GRAHAM, No. 109 Nassau Street, N. Y.

$1 24 procures, postage prepaid, ATWATER'S PATENT PRESS AND BOOK for Copying Business Letters instantly and perfectly. Thousands already sold. Agents wanted. Profits, sales, and satisfaction good. Send stamp for particulars. J. H. Atwater, Box 116, Providence, R. I.

ARTIFICIAL LEGS and ARMS.—(SELPHO'S Patent), 516 Broadway, New York.
Send for a Circular.



Subscription Books for Canvassers and Agents.

G. P. PUTNAM'S Publishing Agency,
532 Broadway, New York.

To Canvassers, Book Agents, Postmasters, &c.

The following Works, publishing in NUMBERS, at Twenty-Five Cents each, EXCLUSIVELY for Canvassers and Agents, will be found well worthy your attention.

That a large sale of these Works can be secured by an active and energetic canvass in every City, Town, and Village in the country, there is no doubt. Every intelligent person desires to preserve the story of this great epoch in the National Life. The
REBELLION RECORD
is the work best adapted to give to every one the only complete and reliable History to be found. The
HEROES AND MARTYRS
will contain faithful and correct Likenesses, elegantly engraved on steel, of the *Generals, Military* and *Naval Heroes, Statesmen, Orators,* and the *Leaders of the Rebellion,* with succinct and reliable Biographies of each; and will form, when completed (which is expected to be in Two handsome Quarto Volumes of Twenty Numbers in each), a work of permanent interest and value.

Agents are wanted in every City, Town, and Village in the United States, with whom liberal arrangements will be made, to canvass their respective localities.

All applications for Agencies must state if they are at present engaged in canvassing for any work; if so, what?

Apply, by letter or otherwise, to
CHAS. T. EVANS, Gen. Agent, 532 Broadway.

⁂ Specimen Numbers of either will be sent on receipt of 12c. in Postage Stamps.

$.—SOMETHING NEW—Agents wanted to make $50 to $100 a month, selling our newly-patented articles, wanted in every family. Selling rapidly. Satisfaction guaranteed. Samples 25c. each. Enclose stamp. RICE & CO., No. 83 Nassau Street, N. Y.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

TERMS.
One Copy for one Year $3 00
Two Copies for One Year 5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each) . 2 00
And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of EIGHT SUBSCRIBERS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $4 00.

☞ Clergymen and Teachers supplied at the lowest CLUB RATES.

The DEMAND NOTES of the United States will be received for Subscriptions. Our distant friends are requested to remit them in preference to Bank Notes.
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
Single Copies Six Cents.

A Thrilling Story,
Entitled,
NO NAME,
By Wilkie Collins,
AUTHOR OF
"The Woman in White,"
Richly Illustrated by John McLenan,
Was commenced in the Number for March 15 (No. 272) of
HARPER'S WEEKLY,
And will be continued from week to week until completed.

TERMS.
One Copy for One Year $2 50
One Copy for Two Years 4 00
Ten Copies for One Year 18 00
An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE and HARPER'S WEEKLY, together, one year, $4 00.

HARPER'S WEEKLY will be sent gratuitously for one month—as a specimen—to any one who applies for it.

HARPER'S WEEKLY is electrotyped, and *Back Numbers* can be had at any time.

Vols. I., II., III., IV., and V., for the Years 1857, 1858, 1859, 1860, and 1861, of "HARPER'S WEEKLY," handsomely bound in Cloth extra, Price $3 50 each, are now ready.
HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, NEW YORK.